

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## DEAD AND ALONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Cold and alone, this bitter night,  
Cold and alone, where the wind moonlight  
Weave a crown for his beautiful head,  
Lies my darling, cold and dead.

Dead and alone, on the dreary waste,  
And the chilly wind, in its thoughtless haste,  
Blows the brown curls from his pale, white brow,  
And cruelly drifts the late fallen snow  
O'er his dear form, o'er his dead heart,  
That once was of mine its largest part.  
But now it is still—still, still and cold,  
For the spirit of Death, with fingers bold,  
Toiled with his heart-strings and broke them in  
twain;

And a single touch on each throbbing vein,  
Chilled the warm life-blood.—Oh! spirit of Death,  
You kissed from his lips their last sweet breath;  
You stole from his eyes their glancing light;  
You robbed his brain of its will and might;  
You killed my darling.

Oh! moaning wind,  
Be to my darling one, gentle and kind;  
Blow o'er him softly, keep the white snow  
Off from his sleeping face, off from his brow;  
Sing him a sweet song, tender and low,  
Just as I sang to the days long ago.  
Let the pale moonlight tenderly fall  
Over him now, like a silver-white pall.  
Rest on his closed eyes, and on his dead lips,  
Where a smile of glory ineffable sits;  
And on his great brow, that once was my pride;  
God knows that for him I'd have willingly died!  
But ever again will his low, thrilling tone  
Call me his darling one,—call me his own.

Cold and alone, this bitter night,  
Cold and alone, where the wind moonlight  
Weave a crown for his beautiful head,  
Lies my darling, cold and dead.

MARION SHIRLEY.

## REGINA; OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

## CHAPTER II.

Many things have calmed my nature,  
And my heart has learned a beating  
More serenely hushed and quiet  
Than its early pulses were—  
Yet, when suddenly upon me  
Came that strange, unlooked-for meeting,  
I was forced to own thy glance  
Could my old composure stir.

M. B.

All the environs of London have their own peculiar charm—it is pleasant to know them, to visit them, or even to dwell in them; but I confess that neither the stately rurality of Kensington, the quiet repose of Fulham and Hammersmith, or the respectability of Clapham, please me like the quaint, formal aspect of Chelsea, and the green lanes and rambling houses of Old Brompton—that fit abiding-place of story and romance. To go to these lovely spots into the city, is like leaving Paradise for Hades: one comes back bewildered, almost gasping for breath, quite willing to venture that way no more, and to forget the grimy monster in his harshness, and polluting the fresh air with his smoky breath at so short a distance. London itself is like a bad dream, from which people awake in London's suburbs with a deep sensation of relief, and a wish so earnest as to bear some relation to a prayer—that they may never sleep such sleep again.

Regina was afraid of London. That word alone will express her feelings about the city proper. She had driven through it with the manager the very day after her arrival, and had been shocked at its grimness, and its general air of utter absorption in one pursuit.

"Let us go back!" she exclaimed. "Why did you bring me here? Oh, my beautiful Paris—that any one should ever like you less than this horrible place!"

"Horrible!" exclaimed the good Englishman, in dismay. "Did I understand you rightly, my dear madam? Do you call London horrible?"

"Indeed I do!"

They drove through the beautiful streets of the West End, but she was perverse and obstinate, and would not admire any of the houses he pointed out—far less listen to the idea of her own residence in one of them. He grew a little provoked at last, for his John Bull nature rebelled at her faint praise and strong criticisms.

"Well, madame, where will you live?" he asked, tartly.

She looked up with a roguish smile, and put out her little hand.

"Ah! now you are longing to shake me—to pull my ears! I can see it in your eyes! But don't get angry—shake hands, and say you forgive me!"

He did so, laughing in spite of himself; for she looked precisely like a child who has been naughty, and half expects a beating—being wholly sure that it deserves one.

"There—we are friends again! But I con-

see you are very provoking. What all London?"

"Are there no places in it where you can see the sky?"

"Of course! You can see it here, if that is all."

"No; this fog covers it, and it chokes me. I cannot breathe."

"Fog! why, my dear child, this is nothing; you should see it in November! Do you object to it? London would not be London without fog."

Regina looked half ready to cry.

"Then I am quite sure I cannot stay. Every one looks unhappy—every one seems to be working for money—thinking for money—living for money. I do not like these houses you are showing me now; they are too tall, too grand. I want a little cottage house, with a garden, where I can dig in the ground and plant violets. I want a small room—I want a kennel for Fido, and a stable for my horse. I want to see the sky and the sunshine, and hear the birds sing, and walk in the green fields, and breathe better air than this. And so you must let me go back to my beautiful France, or my home in America, dear monsieur, or I shall die!"

He sat gazing at her, open-mouthed, as, with the simplicity of a child, she poured out these humble little plans.

"And you would really like that life?"

"I have always lived it."

"Why, I thought you would complain because the houses were not magnificent enough, and so I have been showing you the handsomest ones I could find. But if you only want a cottage and a garden—"

"That is all, I assure you. Will you let me go back to France?"

"Fah! sit still, and be a good girl!" he exclaimed, in a half-fatherly, half-brotherly kindness, that pleased her beyond expression.

"France, indeed! Why England is the very birth-place of cottages! I doubt if they know how to build them in any other country, much less live in them. And so you have no grand tastes, after all! You only wish to pet your horse and your dog, and to plant violets, poor child!"

And his smile was very pleasant as he pulled the check-string, and ordered the coachman to drive out to Old Brompton.

He had believed the rumors about Regina—he had accepted them as a part of her position and reputation; but from that moment he felt that they were false, and made himself a promise that while she remained near him he would watch over her as faithfully and as tenderly as if she had been his sister, or his child. He did not break that vow.

And so Regina pitched her tent in an odd little cottage, behind high walls, with plenty of garden-ground, and an attempt at a lawn, which she decreed should be changed into a paddock, where the white horse might feed sometimes in summer. It was a pleasant little place—more like a bird-cage, it may be, than a house; but that did not matter, so long as a bird was dwelling there. There was a miniature drawing-room, with French windows, opening on the lawn—a dining-room opposite, under whose casements blossomed, in swarms, a perfect bank of roses of all colors and kinds;—there was a library at the back of this apartment, and a tiny conservatory behind the drawing-room, the sight of which made Regina dance with delight. In less than a fortnight the new house was ready; and Captain Tom Grosvenor, following her carriage on that wild March evening from the theatre, wished heartily that she had chosen a dwelling-place where the winds of heaven would visit his "fair face" a little less roughly. Few, however, would have found fault with the winds or storms after having been admitted within the gates. A pretty trellised walk led up to the principal entrance. On the right was the paddock, soon to be sown over with grass and clover-seed, for the benefit of the Arabian. On the left, the flower-garden, embellished with a fountain, a dial, and a rustic summer-house. A beautiful weeping willow trailed its pendant branches over the fountain's edge. In summer, when the boughs were green, the water dashed up through them like a spray of diamond drops; a seat formed of the twisted trunks of young trees stood under the willow.

The quaint aspect of the interior fully agreed with that of the exterior. The hall was decorated with a deer's head and horns ("I the velvet," with a curious collection of riding-

whips; a set of slender, mouse-colored cane, marked with the letter "R," a beautifully-wrought bow, and quiver full of arrows—evidently the work of Parisian hands; a silver-mounted rifle, and a hunter's horn, with an agate mouth-piece, and tassels of green silk. At the upper end stood two huge suits of armor, nicknamed by their owner "Jing and Mingo," after the far-famed London giants.

Drawing and dining-rooms must always be more or less alike, and Regina's, though com- fortably and tastefully furnished, need not be mentioned here. The library was her own peculiar haunt, and bore more trace of her inner soul than any other apartment in the house.

On the morning of which I write, a bright fire blazed upon the hearth, for the air was cold and the wind high among the garden trees. Before the fire was drawn a round table covered with appliances for breakfast, and a crimson velvet easy chair, of tempting shape, with the morning paper unfolded on its arm. A footstool matching the chair was filled by a white, daisy, curly dog, who eyed the door anxiously, and now and then started up with a glad whine at the sound of distant footsteps. This was "Bonny Prince Charlie," the faithful companion of Mary of Scotland. Opposite him a sleek, grey cat, doing on an embroidered cushion, who was evidently thinking more of the warm fire and the warm breakfast to come, than of his absent mistress. Walking, with turned-in toes, up and down the back of the easy chair, a bird of preternatural blackness, whose pale blue eyes watched slyly the other inmates of the room, seemed meditating an assault upon one or both of them. This was "Peter," an American "crow,"—first cousin, by birth and lineage, to that "feathered mystery," called in England a raven. Peter was "a character" in his way, and led the grey cat an uneasy life when he dared venture near enough to tease her. At present he was croaking and muttering to himself in an undertone, evidently displeased at the loud rejoicing of the canaries flying from flower to flower, in the warm conservatory, whose glass doors had been made to open into this room as well as the other.

The walls of the library were lined with books. A light ladder leaning in one corner showed that even those upon the topmost shelves were read.

Above the chimney-piece hung a painting—the work of one of the old masters—and for that reason, as well as its beauty, invaluable. A single face—a woman's face, full of grief, but no less full of faith and love. The golden hair fell neglected upon the white shoulders: the eyes were raised to heaven, tearful, yet mild and calm, and blue as the sky on which they looked; the lovely lips seemed about to part in a pensive smile, and the hands, as they were clasped upon the beautiful bosom in humble prayer at last. It needed not the alabaster vase within them to tell her country or her name. All knew who gazed upon her that she was the Magdalen of the Jews, the "Magdalen" who afterwards became "Mary," and sat at the feet of her Master, and chose the "better part."

That picture acquired a sad significance in Regina's room. Heaven only knows what thoughts were in the poor girl's heart, when, with her own hand, she placed that touching memorial of the sad past where her eyes, and the eyes of all who might visit her, must fall upon it from day to day.

There were no other pictures, but near the window stood a fine model of the Arabian, with Prince Charlie, holding his bridle, at his feet. Next to this, was a complete skeleton, arranged upon a stand in such a way that it could be turned about and studied at pleasure. Then came a Turkish "water-pipe," with a scarlet case hanging on its twisted stem. A blade of Damascus steel, naked and glittering, was suspended from the shelves above, as if to guard the Koran—over which it hung. Lastly, a small cabinet, whose doors were ajar, displayed a fine collection of shells and minerals, and a few stuffed birds, that had once sung and sported in a Texan chapparal. A Swiss clock surmounted this cabinet. As the bells of a neighboring church tolled the hour of nine, it began to play a plaintive little air, and before it ceased Regina entered the room.

She was dressed very simply in a morning robe of some fine black cloth, whose hanging sleeves were lined with crimson. A small pointed lace collar set off the whiteness of her throat; sleeves of the same material; a cord and tassels of black and crimson about her waist, and velvet slippers, completed her costume. Her abundant hair was thrown back from her forehead, and confined in a silken net. She wore no ornament, no brooch, bracelet or earring—nothing but the one plain circlet on the third finger of her left hand. Yet in some mysterious way she managed to look quite as stately as when she wore the dress of Mary Stuart and Scotland's royal crown.

It was a pretty thing to see her morning greeting to the creatures dependent on her love and care. The Arabian had already been visited and fed—now she caressed the dog and cat, and allowed the bird to perch upon her shoulder, while she sang and whistled to the delighted inmates of the conservatory, and placed some lumps of sugar and bits of apple within their domain. Coming back to the table, she touched a bell, and moved a chair from the wall beside the fire. Instantly a trap fell, and a dumb waiter rose through the vacant space, loaded with plates of cold ham, bread, and butter; two egg-cups, covered with napkins; two saucers of cream; a tiny plate, with a square of cake upon it; a silver coffee-pot; and a chased basket, filled, even at that inclement season, with oranges and grapes. This was her breakfast, and it was a fancy of hers to take it without seeing the face of a single person—friend or servant—till it was over. Hence the dumb waiter.

She placed the saucers of cream respectively before Prince Charlie and Richard the Third, filled the extended claw of Peter with the cake, and carried a generous bunch of grapes to the conservatory, for the birds. Then, bidding all her pensioners be good and quiet, she took down a favorite volume from the shelves, drew her chair near the table, and basking luxuriantly in the warmth of the fire, began, according to custom, her mental and physical meal together.

An hour passed by unnoticed. At its expiration, a gentle knock made itself audible at the door. Regina laid aside her book, and Madame Prudence, the "bonne mere," entered; her keen, brown face and little active figure contrasting almost ludicrously with the sober garb of an intensely "respectable" British matron, which she had assumed, by way of defining her position in the eyes of the servants under her control.

"Well, ma mere, the 'top of the mornin' to you!" said Regina, with a ludicrous blend-

ing of the French and Irish accents, justly attributable to the volume of "Charles O'Malley," over which she had been laughing, secretly, that there was little to choose between the two; but the book would never have dragged this opinion from her—and she studiously kept an unobtrusive silence, till Regina's gaiters had exhausted itself in words. Then she replied,

"My dear, I really think he has been here."

"Here? The Earl?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"Yesterday, when you were out riding, a gentleman rang at the garden door and asked for a glass of water. He said he was fatigued with a long and warm walk."

"At this time of the year? Well, go on."

"I carried it to him myself. He asked no questions about you, but I saw him look curiously around at everything in the hall. He thanked me very politely after he gave me back the glass, and said the water was exceedingly pure and sweet."

"I wish it had choked him!" said Regina, ungraciously.

"But how did he look?"

"A very tall, grand man, with much hair, curling, and a beard. He speaks low; he carries his head like this," and she threw back her own with an air of dignity that made Regina laugh.

"The very man, Prudence. I suppose he had the grace to take himself off after this?"

"At once."

"Was he walking?"

"No—the servant told me she saw him enter a brougham at the head of the lane."

"And the brougham had an earl's crest upon it, I suppose?"

Prudence nodded her head.

"That is nothing, however. The man who would insult one woman that, would not hesitate long over a lie to another. Well, Prudence, if he comes again—"

"Yes, dear."

"And he asks for water, give it to him, but qualify it with a little pruned acid first."

The worthy woman looked horrified.

"Upon my word, I have it in me to prepare such a draught at this moment. Stay; you shall give him no water—but this!" and she tore the unlucky letter into fragments, dashed them upon the floor, and set her foot upon them.

"Relate that to him, my good Prudence, the next time he is fatigued; and tell him that for the love he professes, Regina returns him her bitterest hate and scorn!"

There are some women who reach the height of their beauty only when they are enraged—some who, like the spotted leopard, must be roused before their peculiar charm appears. It was thus with Regina. Always fascinating, always winning, she must of necessity be, but strong moments were the seasons of her most relentless power. As she stood there by the window, her intense burning vitality contrasting so strangely with the fleshless figure at her side; her pale cheek flushing with a vivid crimson; her large eyes dilated, dark, and troubled to their lowest depths; her slender figure drawn up with a stately air, and her head raised defiantly—it would have been difficult to find a more glorious picture of youth, of womanhood, of passionate emotion, than she presented. Even Prudence acknowledged the charm. What, then, must he have felt, who stood upon the threshold of the door for one brief moment, and gazed with the eyes of a poet and a man upon Regina, already the idol of his dreams?

She was first to notice him. The angry look in her eyes gave place to one of astonishment, and then returned again.

"Sir!" she said, haughtily. "Who are you? And how do you happen to be intruding here?"

"I come from the manager of the— Theatre. I am writing the new play, and have waited on you by your own request. I am sorry that the servant's entrance and my own were unobserved. Believe me, madame, I had not the slightest thought of 'intruding' on you."

Advancing into the full light of the room, he spoke these words gravely, and somewhat haughtily. Then he observed that Prudence was gazing at him with the most intense terror, and that Regina had clasped both hands above her heart, and uttered a slight exclamation.

"Your name—your name?" she said, eagerly, without moving from her place.

"My name is Clifford."

"Clifford? Ah!"

She drew a long breath, motioned Prudence out of the room, and coming back to the fire, pointed out a seat to him, while she sank into her own and covered her face with her hand.

Somewhat puzzled by this greeting, Clifford yet rejoiced at it, for it gave him time to look at Regina more closely than he had ever done before. He marked the purity of her complexion, the delicacy of her hands and feet, the gently swelling outline of the bust, half-hidden, half-defined, by the loose dressing-gown; and felt in his heart of hearts that he had never done justice to her beauty—that she herself had never done justice to it upon the stage. At the same time an odd consciousness



REGINA.

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"At once."

"Was he walking?"







## LETTER FROM PARIS.

A WORD TO THE WEATHER-WISE.—ANOTHER CONVENTION.—FRENCH TOILETS.—MAKING HATS TO BE SEEN.—A COUPLE OF SIMPLONS.—A MODERN VAYE.—AN INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE.—AN AWARD APPROPRIATE.

PARIS, May 31, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Are any of your readers public-spirited enough to assist in testing the value of the curious rule for predicting the weather, mentioned in my letter of May 11th, as attracting a good deal of attention here just now, in consequence of a letter recently addressed to the Academy of Sciences, by M. Comstock, of Havre, who says that he has been keeping a note of the weather for the last 10 months, with a view to ascertaining its correctness, and that he has found it to hold good every month so far. I beg to say, for the edification of those who, like your correspondent, take an interest in the freaks of the weather, that I began a weather journal on the first day of the present lunar month, with the intention of continuing it for a year; when I will submit its results to the readers of the Post, whose enlightened editors would no doubt extend the hospitality of its columns to the results of any similar records kept in various parts of the great Western Continent. Up to the date of this present writing, the extreme cold, heavy rains, and concomitant miseries of the fourth, fifth and sixth of the days of this current lunar month, have been daily repeated, until the unhappy Parisians are beginning to wonder whether we are to have any summer at all, and anxiously recalling some old-world prophecy which declares that in the year of our Lord, 1860, Paris is to behold the Seine frozen solid in the month of June! Winter clothes that were consigned to the recesses of wardrobes a month ago, are now gladly resumed by the whole population; and people who extinguished their fires "by rule" on the 1st of April, have concluded that the classic fatality of that day has overtaken them, and that their wisest course is to re-kindle their domestic "blazes" until further orders. Altogether, the present spring has been the most disappointing one within the memory of Frenchmen; and the summer "birds fair" (to perpetrate a Hibernianism) to be just as bad.

In my last, I transmitted to all whom it may concern, and at the request of the distinguished artist herself, a contradiction of the statement which has for some time past been going the rounds on both sides of the Atlantic, to the effect that Rosa Bonheur was intending to visit the United States. I have now to contradict, with equal certainty, the equally unfounded assertion that the contents of Mrs. Browning's last volume have been composed under "spiritual" aid, suggestion, or influence. The eminent poetess has never had any personal experience of the strange doings so much in vogue of late years; though she had, of course, an excellent opportunity of seeing some of them, as the renowned medium, Mr. Home, was very desirous of convincing her, when he met the Poetess in Rome, of the reality of his power. But he did not succeed in doing so; and though many "mediums" have made the same attempt, no one has been more successful. Robert Browning is known to all who know anything of him, as a most determined skeptic with regard to "spiritualism," and as one who regards the whole "spiritualist development" with contempt and disgust; and though, as a mere phenomenon, and fact of contemporaneous history, Mrs. Browning perhaps feels rather more curiosity and interest about it, it is quite certain that she has never attempted to make herself a "medium," and that she has never, in short, had anything to do with "spiritualism" in her own person. Her last poems have been written, as far as her own consciousness is concerned, exactly as all her other poems have been written, viz.: from the promptings of her own active intellect and warm affections; and whatever may be the verdict of the public with regard to their worth, the responsibility of their production does not lie at the door of the "spirits," but rests, simply and solely, with herself.

In spite of the bad weather, the races at the Bois de Boulogne, Chantilly, and other French race-courses, have been crowded to an unusual degree. The toilet of the ladies on these occasions is something astounding; and one wonders how the most colossal fortunes can support such lavish expenditure. Not only is a lady's dress enormously expensive in all its items, but those who pretend to show off in this line, make it a point never to be seen twice in the same costume. It is asserted that the most ambitious of renown in the gown and millinery line, never wear the same article more than once; others content themselves with combining their bonnets, shawls and dresses every day in a different manner, so as to avoid presenting the same combination more than once. Those who make some little attempt at economy, while pretending to the title of "elegant," are most ingenious in their endeavors to avoid the horror of being seen twice in exactly the same toilet. I know one lady who excels in this art. Every autumn she buys two elegant new dresses, and one ball-dress; has one new bonnet, and has the best of her old ones furled up with new trimmings, in such a way as to make it serve for a second. When these "things" are ready, she goes off on a round of visits, devoting a few days entirely to this work, wearing exactly the same toilet on each day, unless she has reason to think that she may meet one of these friends at the house of some other one on her list, in which case she either varies her combination of bonnet, gown, and shawl, or postpones the call until she has reason to think that the common friend whom she might meet there, has left town, or is otherwise employed on that particular day. If she takes the former alternative, she contrives to keep in her memory the fact that having employed a second combination in her visit to this friend, Combination First will be fresh for this particular house, should she care to repeat her call there a few weeks or months afterwards. In this way she contrives to make as many as four visits to each acquaintance every winter; wearing each of the two gowns with each of the two bonnets and the India shawl and velvet mantle. But these four

combinations once exhausted, not another call would she make on either of her friends, on any consideration. The two new gowns, and the ball-dress figure in like manner at each house in the evening; the best of the last year's dresses, and the last year's ball-dress, (re-trimmed and transmogrified) figuring at the parties of the least splendid of her friends; the dressing of her hair, and her ornaments, being likewise varied on every occasion. As she cannot afford a larger stock of clothes, and would rather stay at home all the year round than go twice to the house of a friend in the same dress, she visits very little for a Parisian. This lady, who is really very intelligent and accomplished, is a painter, musician, and writer, and speaks a couple of foreign tongues, besides dabbling in Greek and Latin, keeps a mental record of all her toilettes for several years past, and can tell, without effort, exactly what she wore at all the balls and parties she has attended during that time. Yet she does not seem to give any time to the keeping of this record; and in by no means the frivolous person one might naturally imagine her to be from this trait in her habits; indeed, one is often surprised at seeing how very skillfully and ingeniously the French will manage all matters of detail, without being absorbed by them, as people of a more serious stamp would inevitably be. But with all their clearness, the majority of French people spend more on show and luxury than they can well afford; and the acquisition of money is becoming, every year, more and more their ruling passion. The enormous wealth acquired of late by a few fortunate bankers and speculators has done much towards stimulating this passion for display. As long as the greatest fortunes were in the hands of a class apart, the mass of the people, being farther removed from the sphere of aristocratic grandeur, were less ambitious of imitating the dress and mode of living of the rich. Since the Minister Pichon contrived to net the little sum of four millions, in a single day, by using the telegraph to frighten the *Bourse* with false news; since all the people about the present Court (most of whom were as poor as church-mice a few years ago) have managed to make themselves enormously rich by speculations; and since so many of the bankers and journalists have so successfully built up fortunes in the same way to the tune of many millions apiece, those who are no worse off than were these "money nabobs" when they entered on their career of dubious speculation, all feel as though they, too, might very likely make themselves as rich by engaging in similar enterprises. When the general public learns, for example, that Mire, the great banker, who has made his colossal fortune within a very few years, has just married his humbly-born daughter to the Prince de Polignac, that is to say, to one of the proudest names on the list of the French peerage, and that he has insured to her, by her marriage contract, an income of 120,000 francs a-year, two carriages, horses, and servants, together with an apartment in his magnificent hotel of the Rue des Mathurins, it naturally sets them thinking that what Mire has managed to accomplish for his family, they might possibly manage to accomplish for theirs.

One of the numerous crowds which form so easily in Paris, assembled a few days ago at the corner of one of the streets leading into the Rue du Temple, and this crowd, it seems, was collected by the ridiculous obstinacy of a couple of well-dressed women, each encased in an ample corset, who had chanced to meet at a part of the pavement which is particularly narrow, and of whom neither, it appears, would give way to the other. On meeting, one of the two, stepping towards the wall, said to the other, "Pardon, Madame!"—the equivalent for "Excuse me!" which is all French months from morning to night—supposing that the latter would stand aside and let her pass; but the other retorted with another "Pardon, Madame!" and stood firm. "Pass, then, if you can!" returned the first, in a tone of defiance; to which the second replied, scornfully, "Oh! I am in no hurry, and can wait until you let me pass!" "As you please!" retorted the first speaker, "I also have time to wait!" And the two stood still, the crowd, of course, in this populous and busy quarter, gathering as fast as a rolling snow-ball. For a quarter of an hour did these two bundles of absurdity persist in their resolution, remaining close to each other, in spite of the jeers and jostling of the crowd; the newcomers being impatient to force their way from the circumference to the centre, in order to see what was going on. At length, on some one crying out, "But what are they doing there?" and a bystander answering, "They are trying to see which is the most pigheaded, and they appear to be about equal in that quality!" such a shout of laughter was raised by the crowd that the two women became disconcerted, and severally turned back the way they had come. A piece of foolery which reminds one of the dispute which occurred, at the Court of Charles V., between two ladies of equal rank, as to which of them should have precedence at a reception; the matter being considered of such gravity by the master of the ceremonies that he consulted the Emperor about it, when his Majesty replied, "Let the silliest of the two come in first!"

A recent number of the *Droit*, (the journal of the criminal courts) asserts that Vatel has found a successor. According to this authority, two men employed as cooks in an eating-house of the Rue de la Monnaie, went into a neighboring wine-shop to drink, in which agreeable occupation they allowed the time to slip away unperceived. At length the clocks struck three, and the men hurried back to their restaurant, to prepare the dinners. One of the two, observing, after their return, that his companion did not make much progress with his share of the work, exclaimed jocosely, "Make haste, old fellow, it is getting late!" but scarcely had he uttered these words, when the other fell to the ground, bathed in blood, and faintly exclaiming, "I have neglected my duty! I am dishonored!" He had stabbed himself with a knife in the abdomen. He was carried immediately to the great hospital of the Hotel Dieu, where everything was done to save his life, but in vain, he shortly afterwards expired. Before breathing his last, the unfortunate cook repeated that he had purposely attempted to kill himself be-

cause he saw that he could not get his dinner ready in time! A Japanese method of getting out of a difficulty which shows the tragic importance the French attach so generally to comparative trifles, while as generally underestimating the importance of matters usually regarded as much more serious elsewhere.

However, who shall pretend to decide the relative importance of the various interests which so variously excite the human animal in the various parts of our abode little planet? When all England and all North America, (not to speak of the colonial provinces of "the Empire on which the sun never sets") have been holding their breath in the intensity of their interest in the late "Fight for the Championship," who shall pretend to measure those matters of opinion and sympathy by the rules of reason and common sense?

Of an evidently higher character, as affording equal scope for the exercise of strength, skill, and perseverance, is the proposed International Boat-race, the challenge to which has just been sent to this country and to America by the English boaters. It is proposed to row an eight-oar race on the Thames in August next, from Putney to Mortlake, against a large silver cup, nine smaller ones, or nothing but honor and glory, according to the wishes of the invited guests. All the crews are to be formed of amateurs, bona fide natives of their respective countries, and each to find their own boat, of whatever description they please, no matter how long, or of what shape; or, if preferred by the visitors, the Rowing Clubs of the United Kingdom will club together and collect a sum sufficient to provide the boats. The English clubs are about to meet, by delegation, to make arrangements for raising contributions towards the great expenses of the match, and also to offer one or two of their best oarsmen to form the crews from which the selected committee can select the picked crew, to whose skill and pluck will be confided the honor of representing the oarsmen of England. It is much to be hoped that the proposition may be carried into effect, as the interest excited by such a contest would be immense and universal, both among those who are oarsmen, and those who are not; and such peaceful struggles would clearly do much towards transforming into friendly emulation the spirit of hostile rivalry which has done so much mischief among the various nationalities in the past, and which is so far from being thus wholly modified at the present time.

The renowned American horse-tamer, whose arrival in Constantinople has been so circumstantially narrated by some of the voracious Oriental journals, has not, it now appears, been in that city at all, but is still in England, where he has just had a narrow escape from the vicious freaks and unusual obstinacy of a colt he was endeavoring to "break in" at Cambridge, in presence of the Prince of Wales, and other illustrious spectators. The vicious brute, "deaf to the voice of the charmer," leaped over the ring, smashed in a number of seats on the three lower tiers, and seriously injured several of the spectators. Rarey's coolness, presence of mind, and his enormous strength, were never better displayed than under these very disagreeable circumstances, and seem to have raised him even higher in public favor than before. The animal, which was at length secured by Rarey, and led out of the enclosure, is the first which has ever defied the tamer's power, though the latter will probably compel him to succumb before he has done with him.

## QUANTUM.

FREE LOVERS IN HONOLULU.—The San Francisco Times publishes the following account of the voyage of a number of reformers or free lovers from San Francisco, in search of a place to colonize in the State of Honduras. They purchased a schooner and engaged a crew, who, upon their return to San Francisco, gave these particulars to the reporter of the Times:

"The schooner Santiago, which had been purchased and fitted out by the Free Lovers, rather by Mr. Manning, the chief man among them, left San Francisco on or about the 5th of October last, having on board, besides the captain and crew, a company of ten men, five women, and six or seven children, who were intended to be the pioneers of a colony of the harmonious brotherhood in the State of Honduras. The passengers during the voyage had their separate rooms, but spent much of their time together discussing Spiritualism, and anism which they called 'harmonious diet.' In these discussions the women played a principal part, particularly one who dressed in the extreme of the Bloomer fashion, Mrs. T.; also Dr. T., the fit husband of a Bloomer woman. The colonists proceeded to Tiger Island, their general rendezvous in the Gulf of Fonseca. Thence they made excursions to all the islands in the neighborhood, for the purpose of finding a place of settlement; but they did not suit themselves except on the main land, at a point on the Come River, about 60 miles in the interior. They had located the spot they would procure them from sickness, but before the vessel left on her return, nearly all had been sick, and there was very great danger of the few who remained being exterminated by the fever of the country."

OMINOUS HIDE OF POLYGRAPHY.—The Deseret News, of May 9th, contains a communication from Rider Hyde, in relation to the Congressional Bill for the Punishment of Polygraphy. He says:

"What a terrible fate some of our priestly members of Congress will be in when they die and are carried by angels to Abraham's bosom! Abraham, of course, in their father, and when they get home to his bosom and find Sarah leaning on an arm and Hagar upon the other, being in such close proximity to and so mixed up with polygraphs, they may begin to tell the old gentleman of his errors, his corruptions, and his wickedness. The old father won't stand this, but administer to them a good thrashing, telling them to keep their noses clean and mind their own business. He will most likely regard all such illegitimate children; for if they were his legitimate children, they would do the works of Abraham; and one portion of his work was to take into himself more than one wife."

Thereupon the editor of the News says it is not a supposable case that any member of Congress who favors the bill will ever be carried into Abraham's bosom. A "Pneumatic Despatch Company" is about to be organized in London, the members of which propose to carry on the construction of pneumatic tubes through which parcels will be conveyed from one portion of the metropolis to the other. It is proposed to lay down a complete and extended series of public lines, on a scale which will receive not merely papers and packets, but parcels of considerable bulk, including the mail bags of the Post Office between the railways and the district offices.

## THE THREE WIVES.

(CONCLUDED.)

FROM THE GERMAN.

Squire Oldfield and his wife Catherine were a hearty, handsome, elderly couple, who had topped up the hill of life together successfully, and were now, as the poet expresses it, going down it hand in hand, a kindly, honest, loving pair. After the first greetings were over, Catherine rallied her daughter, as mothers will do sometimes, on the fact of making her scarce at the parental household; but, on Emma's attempting to apologise, kindly added, "Oh, I know how it is, my dear child; a young wife has something else to do than to be always running after her old mother."

"That is how the world wags, wife," said the squire; "she must leave father and mother, as the holy writing saith: but you think of us often, my child, I am sure."

So they seated themselves to the empty spread breakfast-table; and the old gentleman, declaring that his long walk had made him both thirsty and hungry, poured out a glass of wine for each of the party, and proposed "many happy returns of the day."

Now, it occurred simultaneously to our young couple, that many returns of such a morning as they had passed together would not be desirable; but instead of keeping this consciousness to themselves, and accomplishing a silent reconciliation, Alfred raised his glass with a trembling hand, and the more impulsive Emma was obliged to put her own down on the table again while she wiped her eyes. This action did not escape the notice of the worthy old man.

"What is this?" asked he; "have I offended? My son-in-law, you look embarrassed, and Emma is in tears: what has happened?" Alfred, finding that the whole matter must come out, mentioned to Hal to leave the room, and tried to explain: "It is a little matter not worth mentioning; only my Emma is a little too obstinate."

Unfortunate young man! it certainly might be said of him, on this particular morning, that he could not open his mouth without "stuttering his foot in it." His remark re-opened the flood-gates of his wife's grief, who declared that she had struggled against it in vain, but the sense of injustice in being styled obstinate, capricious, and perverse, was more than she could bear.

Great was the confusion amongst that small breakfast-party. The father said, "Hist! old wife, do not meddle in young folk's quarrels!" but the mother opined that perhaps, if they were to hear exactly how matters stood, something satisfactory might be accomplished in the way of arbitration. So the point was yielded, and Alfred was requested to tell his story.

When it was ended, the young wife appealed: "There, mother! there, father! now you hear him; you can tell if I have ever been perverse."

"Well, child," said the old man, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, and a studied hesitation, "well—perhaps—no."

"Now, husband," interposed Catherine, "you do Emma wrong; she never was perverse. Be easy, dear child, do not vex yourself, it will soon be all right again."

"Ah, but he still insists that I shall say the words," sobbed Emma.

"Ah, my son, is it so?" asked the mother, with the faintest shade of anger in her tone.

"Pray let the matter rest," said the son.

"Let me beg of you not to spoil my breakfast," said Squire Oldfield, good humoredly; "you are a little simper, Emma; and you, my son, will find it as well to overlook a little self-will in a young bride. She will soon cure herself of it, like my old wife there; you see she exercises no contradiction—she fulfills my slightest wish; and if I were to ask her to say, 'Very good, the table is set,' she would say it at once."

"Indeed, I would not, though," said the elderly dame, rather sharply.

"What, not if I were to ask you?"

"Certainly not."

"Ah, wife, you are not in earnest; you would actually refuse me?"

"I would."

"Pray let us talk of something else," said Alfred.

"No," said the father, "I wish the matter clearly understood. Dear Catherine, just say once, 'Very good, the table is set.'"

"No," stoutly replied the dame.

The old man coaxed, reasoned, and at last became angry.

"Now, this is beyond a joke; will you set a bad example to your daughter by your perverseness?"

"The old story!" exclaimed Catherine; "the men always stand by each other when the question is the subjugation of women. Even the father takes part against his own daughter."

"I take no one's part but my own," replied the accused; "what my daughter discusses with her husband is not my concern; it is with you that I have to do, and I desire you to say those words."

"How can you ask anything so foolish of your wife?"

"That is not the question, dame; I make this request as a test of obedience, just as Gessler hung up his hat for the Swiss to salute."

"And because the hat was made the subject of an absurd, foolish, and degrading command, therefore the Swiss rose up against their tyrants."

"And we," chimed in Emma, "we may also have our opinions, for we are wives, not slaves."

This very logical deduction from the example of the Tyrolese seemed to have inspired fresh courage in her who originated it, and the two ladies burst forth into a double attack upon the Turkish dispositions of their husbands, with the sentiment, "women never shall be slaves," which they sustained long after the enemy's fire had been silenced; the younger lady winding up with the declaration, "Unreasonable demands we never will obey, will we, dear mother?" and the elder concluding the matter with a resolute "Never, never, never!" like the double bar at the end of a relay piece of music.

Victory being now decidedly in favor of the two wives, what could the husbands do but propose terms of surrender?

"This is a pretty business," said the son-in-law; "now we have the whole sex down upon us; what shall we do?"

"Dear son," replied the squire, "do as you please; I cannot permit my breakfast to be spoiled, for if I lose my breakfast, I get no appetite for my dinner, and so all goes wrong for the day."

"Only we must not yield," suggested the younger.

"Well, this is a strife in which no man ever yet gained anything," replied the more experienced elder; "I foolishly allowed myself to get angry; but now my equality is restored, and—in fact, I want my breakfast."

While this conversation was going on in undertones, what were the victorious party whispering to each other? Were they exulting in their triumph? Not at all; and perhaps if they had been asked, they would have confessed that victory in a battle of words with a husband is only second to a defeat.

"If I could have guessed it would have come to this, I would have taken the job at once," said Emma; "I wish I had done what Alfred asked me, but now it is too late."

"You have at least shown him," said the sympathizing mother, "that you have a will of your own, and that is something! I shall astonish my old man, too; it will be long before I make friends with him again."

"You will stand by me, dearest mother?"

"You may be sure of that, my child."

Emma sighed; perhaps she wished her mother to give a different answer, but she did not say so.

"We had better give in," said the old gentleman, to his son-in-law, looking very hard at the good things on the table.

"But what is to become of our honor?" asked Alfred.

"Bah!" cried the old man, "it is a disagreeable thing to yield, and so it is said, to touch the honor. Let us put an end to it!"

"Listen, children," continued the kind old man, turning and speaking aloud to his wife and daughter, laughing; "you are a little too steadfast in your resolutions. I must now strengthen myself by some breakfast, to carry on the battle; *Apply the table is set*, and one has nothing to do but to enjoy the repast."

So saying, the old man sat down, and began to attack the substantial meal before him.

"Dear mother, shall we not also?" tremblingly suggested Emma.

"Yes, yes, of course we must not lose our breakfast."

Alfred had slipped out of the room when the old man had begun his speech. He shortly returned, however, holding in his hand two handsome shawls, with which he approached his now thoroughly humbled bride.

"Dear little wife," said he, "accept a peace offering from my hands. I acknowledge that our quarrel was entirely my own fault; and as a proof of my consciousness of guilt, I beg you will take your choice of one of these shawls," unfolding and displaying them as he spoke.

Emma scarcely looked up, and when she did raise her eyes, they were full of tears—not such tears as she had shed an hour before, but proceeding from a very different source, which the reader may guess. She wished to avoid making her choice, and begged that Alfred would not ask her now; but he persisting, in his own determined and perverse way, "Choose, little one, choose," the victorious wife silently pointed to one of the shawls, which the vanquished husband cheerfully placed round her shoulders; and, indeed, to those who had not witnessed the progress of the battle, it would have appeared that the victory and defeat were in exactly the reverse quarters from what we know them to have been.

"I have come three parts of the way to meet you, little wife."

What could the little wife do but answer the appeal by hiding her half-crying, half-laughing face on her husband's shoulder, and whispering in his ear,

"Very good, the table is set!"

So peace was declared between those who, we hope, never allowed it to be again disturbed; and Catherine seemed meditating how best to follow her daughter's example. Looking admiringly at the other shawl, she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder with the familiar words:

"Old man!"

"Well!"

"See, now, there is yet another shawl; will you not be reconciled to me too?"

"With a shawl? I cannot afford it."

"But consider," urged Catherine.

"Old wife, I hope you are more reasonable; a young bridegroom may make it up with his bride by bringing her a peace-offering; when he is as old as I am, he will do so no longer."

Hal and Bettina were now busy in attendance as the breakfast proceeded; the maiden took every opportunity of turning her back upon her fellow servant, he all the time watching her with looks of entreaty, but there was no sign of yielding in that quarter.

Alfred gaily addressed his favorite servant as he stood behind him:

"Is it all right now between you and Bettina?"

But the answer was given in profound melancholy:

"No, sir, no; she will never give in."

"Bettina must say the words," cried Emma; "she is the cause of all the trouble, and now she must say them."

"It is true," said the old lady; "now, Bettina, you must say them before us all as a punishment. Say the words after me—'Very good, the table is set.'"

The laughter that followed puzzled the old lady, who at first did not perceive that she now, for the first time, had said the words herself, until her husband's triumphant shout reached her ear:

"You have said it at last, my wife!"

Catherine joined in the laugh, and acknowledged herself vanquished; and now it only remained for the still stubborn serving maiden to follow in the track.

"Now, Bettina," said her young mistress, "it is your turn; you must do as we have done."

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"Now, Bettina," said her young mistress, "it is your turn; you must do as we have done."

"I have said it at last, my wife!"

But with much confusion Bettina turned away from Hal's exulting looks, and declared it was impossible.

"Do you know that I have averaged wrong thing for your wedding in three weeks?" asked the indulgent mistress.

"Very good," demurely answered the maiden, as if it did not signify much.

"Well, well, you have said it half, now say the rest," was the universal chorus.

Bettina finding she had now no objection, and perhaps liking the prospect of the marriage in three weeks, after the long years of waiting between Hal and herself, took the courage of despair, muttered hastily "The table is set," and throwing her apron over her shoulder, fairly ran away.

Reader, this simple, trivial story, perhaps you will call it, has its merit on strictly poetical all through the course of it, that I need add none. But I will remind you of the scenes things written in the book we all reverence, concerning a certain "little woman," only quoting these words by way of conclusion:

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Quoted in the spirit of this text are the lines of one of our most successful poets:

"Alas! how slight a cause can move Dimensions between hearts that love. Hearts that the world in vain has tried, And never but more closely tied. That stand the sea when waves were rough. Like ships that have gone down at sea. When heaven has the full transparency."

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS.

The Seceders' Convention met at Richmond, and adjourned over to allow certain of its members to enter the regular convention at Baltimore.

The regular convention at Baltimore met on Monday, and adjourned over from day to day—doing very little business—until Thursday, when the Committee on Credentials made their report.

While awaiting these reports, a part of the Seceders gave way, over the convention. The Seceders caused a loud protest, the impression being that there was about to be a general row—but the only result was the letting down of portions of the New York and Pennsylvania delegations some three feet to the floor of the parquet.

The convention then took a recess of one hour, in order to repair damages, after which the majority report of the Committee on Credentials was ready. It recommended the admission of the original Mississippi delegation; the admission of the South (Douglas) delegates from Louisiana; the admission of the original Texas delegates; the admission of Moore, Hayard and Whitley from Delaware; the admission of Mr. Chesley from Massachusetts; the admission of J. O. Fallon from Missouri; the admission of the (Douglas) contestants from Alabama; the admission of one half of each delegation from Georgia, each to possess the half vote of the State; but if either party refuse to take seats under these terms, then the remainder shall be entitled to the full vote. In Arkansas both sets to be admitted, with the power of the original delegates to cast two votes, and the contestants one vote; but if either refuse to take seats, then the others shall be entitled to cast the full vote of the State.

On behalf of the Minority Committee, a report was presented in favor of the admission of Mr. Hallist, of Massachusetts; of Mr. —, from Missouri; of Hayard and Whitley from Delaware; of the original delegates from Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi; and inviting the Florida delegates to take seats, and cast the vote of the State in the convention. The report then proceeded to say that this was a question affecting the future existence of the Democratic party. It reviewed the case, arguing against the right of the convention to declare seats vacant when the State had elected delegates to represent them. Even though these delegates had withdrawn, that withdrawal was not a resignation. There was a third report of a compromise character.

During the week there was great excitement, leading to many personal collisions. Between Col. Hindman and Mr. Hooper, of Ark.; Montgomery and the Randalls (Fath and Montgomery); Mr. Dawson, of Penna.; Clancy and Ludlow, of New York; two delegates from Virginia; and two from Delaware. Mr. Robert K. Randall struck Mr. Montgomery in the face, drawing blood, and Mr. Montgomery knocked Randall down—Montgomery refused to accept a challenge previously. The matter was afterwards amicably arranged. Col. Hindman declined accepting a challenge from Mr. Hooper,



## STANZA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To gentle breezes, born to roam,  
That wander over earth and sea,  
How you can pass my distant home—  
How you can find me there for me?  
Did you not hear me pined by,  
Some note of trouble soft and sweet?  
Come, drop and tell me all. Oh, why  
Do you thus pass with hurrying feet?

Then little bird, so free and light,  
That diths the plain with joyous wing,  
Come, rest with me this blessed night,  
And of my little love sing,  
I long to hear some word from thee;  
Say, must thou go then far away?  
Oh! hear to thee this little gem,  
And I thy wings I'd gladly stay.

Go! tell them that thy silver wing,  
My latest, warmest tears began;  
And that the sweetest song you sing,  
Is one that I have sung for them.  
Tell them within thy sparkling eye,  
To read my love, sincere and true,  
To gladden them their mortal sigh,  
And then return to me. Adieu!

HENRY REED.

Last Chance, Placer Co., California.

## THE DANE.

## A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(Illustrated according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deane & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE SIPPING SHIP.—ANOTHER WARNING.—THE DANISH TRIAL.

And now they felt the wild, glorious freedom of the first hour at sea. No land was visible, yet to them the mighty solitude seemed peopled with unseen hosts, from whose unseen dwellings came the murmurs of life-like voices.

Had inches of treasure been emptied upon the swelling floor of the waves, they could not have displayed more splendor. The red flush of rubies vied with the brilliance and flash of diamonds, and far as the eye could reach, the ocean shone as if strewn with precious stones.

They were never weary of examining the vessel, of listening to the quiet ripple of the water under the keel, or of watching the varied glories of the heavens. And when the motion of the ship became at all disagreeable to the young bride, there was the beautiful cabin, with its cushions, its library, its many contrivances for ease and comfort. She had brought her maid with her, a bright mulatto girl, full of fun and frolic; and when at a loss for amusement this merry servant was ready with song or story. Still, she did not dare to whisper it to herself, but there were shadowy forebodings in her heart—something seemed to forewarn the approach of evil. There were times when the storm to banish it, when leaning on the arm of her husband she listened to the story of his own infancy, or smiled at the portrayal of his pleasant home. Yet her dreams were startling and uneasy—most of them merely frames for the changing face of the Dane. Now it was dark, scowling and malicious—soon smiling, peaceful and so like her husband, that she thought, perhaps, for his sake, she could love it. Then came the awful dread of sudden death—she held a poisonous shaft ready to aim it at her heart—or forced the cup of poison to her lips. Of these strange dreams, however, she said nothing to her husband, holding her promise sacred, though the secret kept the roses out of her cheeks.

The brig was a beautiful sight when under full way, with her studding-sails aloft and aloft, looking so trim, graceful and stately. For nearly three days she kept on her course without taking in a single reef. The sailors had little active work to do—the officers were indulgent, and the vessel in complete order. The men sang and chatted at their watch on deck, spinning yarns of perils at sea, and of wives or sweethearts at home.

A small, little, extremely agreeable man was the captain—very fair and ruddy, and possessing a cast of features displaying a disposition of great sweetness; with eyes large and nearly as passive in repose as those of an infant. Some would have thought, marking the girl's sweetness of his smile as he talked with Della, that he was capable of strong emotion or decided action. To be sure, there was a promptness and quickness in his manner and language that impressed the beholder, but almost any spectator would have pronounced him a man of only ordinary capabilities and average courage. By birth he was a Dane, but he spoke the English language with great fluency and correctness, as well as the French and Portuguese.

His crew consisted of ten men before the mast, most of whom were English and Americans, there being but two or three of his countrymen among them.

The captain was quite young, and his brother Henry—the first officer on board—almost boyish in appearance. As his name was nearly unpronounceable, he had shortened it to Graham, or Graham, and it was by this latter expression that he was well known in the British West India Islands.

"This is unusual weather, Captain Graham," said the professor, on the morning of the fourth day.

"Will it be so bland all the way?" queried Della, "or is this what you call a weather-brother?"

"The steel lining against her husband, her hand to that of her father."

"I fear it is the latter," replied the captain, smiling at her anxiety; "we Danes are somewhat superstitious," he added, laugh-

ing lightly, "and I saw last night something that I took to be ominous of an approaching storm."

"Fay tell us what it was?" asked Della. The captain was on the point of replying, when at a slight sign from the professor, who felt the fair arm within his tremble, he desisted.

"Oh, only an appearance in the sky that betokened a strong blow. The wind freshens, Mr. Graham," he added, seeing the first mate coming; "what do you think of the weather?"

"I should judge a storm is brewing," replied the young man, "and if those white caps there tell the truth, it will be on us without much warning."

The captain turned—his countenance changed.

"Yes, yes. I see—we can't be too soon," he muttered; "take in all the light sails—reef down your topsails—we shall have a hard time of it before night."

"How damp the wind is!" said Della; "there's a black cloud—it has surely come within the moment."

"The horizon has been changing for some time," replied the professor; "this breeze will be too much for you; we had better go below."

"Oh, no! please let me stay here and enjoy the storm," pleaded Della.

At that moment one of the sailors passed her to take his place at the wheel. Della must have caught sight of some evil glance, for she shuddered, uttered a low, half-stifled cry, and, clutching her husband's arm, exclaimed—

"I cannot stay—I find the motion of the vessel is getting unpleasant; let us go below immediately!"

He, attributing her emphasis to illness, turned with her, and together they entered the cabin.

As the hours passed, the storm increased at a fearful rate, and by night its fury had deepened into a tempest. Della lay upon one of the cabin lounges, well secured, very pale, but quite calm. Her husband was constantly at her side with reassuring words. The vessel leaped like a mad creature, and the roaring of the winds added to the fearful straining of timbers, the shouting of the captain through his trumpet, the wild dash of the waters, the tramp of heavy feet, the hoarse, replies of the men, and that rattling sound forever going on, as if tons and tons of heavy chains were being swept from side to side of the deck, made a fearful crashing accompaniment to the choruses of the gale.

All night long the men worked as for their lives, and not until noon evening of the second day was there a gradual subsidence of the wind, a less furious onslaught of the waves.

The good ship had behaved nobly, the captain said—the worst was over, and by the following day they might look for comparatively fair weather.

It seemed a strange announcement to Della, for she could realize but a slight difference in the motion of the vessel, and the wild, despairing cries of the waves, as they were coming on, made her almost hold her breath.

"Oh, this is easy sailing to what it has been," said the fair little man, smiling as he spoke.

"Old Neptune is holding up capitolly, giving us a good breathing spell after his rough usage. We shall see in the morning."

It proved as he said. The wind still blew very heavy from the northwest, but the clouds had broken, and the sun gave long, glad glances through their rifts, cheering every heart with its beautiful smile.

Suddenly, as they were securing some of the rigging that had been loosened, the man on the look-out shouted, "sail ho!"

"Where away?" answered the captain.

About two points on the weather bow, and in distress, I should judge," was the reply.

"Jump aloft, Mr. Graham, and see what you can make her out!" said the captain, addressing the chief mate, who sprang into the main rigging, and was soon on the topsail yard leveling his glass at the stranger.

It was full five minutes before he returned to the deck, and going aft, reported that the stranger was water-logged, with a signal of distress flying, which he observed had been lowered three times, and that she appeared to be settling fast.

"Lowered her signal three times, you said," replied the captain, turning pale; "then we must save her. If it should be he!"

"It will be at the risk of our lives, sir," returned the mate, "if we do."

"It will be at the risk of my peace of conscience, eternally, if we don't," said the captain, firmly. "Shake the reefs out of the topsails, and set the gallant sails and fore-staysails, Mr. Graham; we must rescue these poor fellows, and as it will be impossible for a boat to live in a sea like this, the only chance is to run her by the board."

"But, captain, our lives are—"

"Not worth preserving, if we cannot risk them in a good cause," said the captain, quickly. "It must be done, it shall be done!" he added, a look of lofty courage changing completely the aspect of the man. His soft eyes now flashed a resolute fire, his lips grew firm, and his brow god-like. "What say you, Mr. Professor?" he cried, turning as the latter came on deck; "you're a wreck to which some of our fellow-beings are hanging, exposed to death at any moment. Shall we try to save them?"

"In God's name, yes!" exclaimed the professor.

"We will!" shouted the captain; "give the orders, Mr. Graham—there's not a moment to lose!"

An addition was made to the crew at the wheel in the person of Mr. Halsey, the second mate, and most experienced sailor on board. With many dubious shakes of the head, with many and firm compressions of the lip, but over all an expression of stern resignation, he took the place assigned him.

"Stand by your braces, men! When I give the order jump with a will, my hearties, for everything depends upon the speed that these sticks can spin round," said Mr. Graham, addressing himself to the crew.

"Aye, aye, sir!" was the hearty response, while even the swiftest, maddest waters leaping and gyrating seemed to add their voices to the reply.

"Kase her off a very little, Mr. Halsey," cried the captain—"there! so! keep her a few minutes."

They were now drawing frightfully near the sinking ship. The sun shone out luridly, and tinged the sailors' faces a blood-red, while the clouds, now gathering—anon scattering, gave gloom and a horrible grandeur to the scene.

In another moment they swung to the wind-ward of their goal and right across her bows, so near that they could read the agony on the faces of the men, who, kneeling and clinging, with uplifted hands, shouted and sent to heaven the wildest prayers.

"Starboard, Mr. Halsey! starboard, quick, sir," shouted the captain, his face bloodless, his attitude heroic—"let her come her way now, Mr. Graham—back your main topsail only for a moment, and stand by to brace up again in a hurry!"

Orders were now given for lines to be ready over the bows of the brig—the men were almost breathless as they saw in what a sea they might shortly be engulfed, for the brig was beginning to feel her death-day—drifting faster, closer, closer yet to the very jaws of destruction, till she was within a few feet of the rapidly sinking ship.

"Stand by to jump lively, lads!" almost shrieked the captain, his very lips bloodless with the excitement of the moment, and addressing the now panting, wildly staring group on the wreck—one moment more—the air was darkened—the strongest there shut their eyes and gasped a prayer—there was a spring—a quiver of the vessel as the wrecked men, nerve to desperate strength leaped to the forward deck, while the noble brig went by, grasping the sinking, quivering mass that seemed almost gigantic.

"Hard a port now, Mr. Halsey—quick! your play! Brace up sharp fore and aft!" shouted the captain, his lips twitching as if in pain, as his straining eyes calculated how many seconds were left them.

The vessel, feeling the sudden effect of the filled canvas, shot by, and had scarcely cleared twice her length when the wreck pitched forward, and with a sound—a terrible sound on the ocean—like distant thunder, disappeared in the awful abyss below.

"Saved!" shouted the captain, almost sinking against the rail, his slight frame shivering—but an expression in his eye that it is glorious to see only once in a life time. The sailors looked proudly towards him. Their faces caught the glorious fire, and with a simultaneous shout, they cried,

"Three cheers for our brave captain!" while the survivors, some with tears of joy, others with cries of gratitude, crowded around the noble fellow.

During a part of this exciting hour, Della had stood near the door of the cabin supported by her husband and father, watching the struggle with most intense eagerness, her hands clasped, a bright crimson spot on either cheek, and her eyes shining through tears.

Now as about after went up, the glow deepened on her cheek, and she regarded the captain with glances of admiration. The latter essayed to enter the cabin; she stood aside to give him room, and in doing so encountered a glance that curdled her blood.

"Della, my love, I must know the meaning of these frequent shudders," said the professor, as with a cry she shrank nearer to his side.

"Oh! don't ask me," she murmured, "I have promised."

"It is not possible, dearest, that you still allow your mind to revert to that miserable fellow," he said, with something like indignation in his face.

"Oh! I assure you, my husband—there—there is somebody here—a man—who—whose frightens me! If it should be he!"

"My dear wife—this is childish," replied her husband, fearful that her intellect might be giving way. "I will go immediately to the captain—and—"

"Not for the world!" whispered Della, "there—that is talking with one of the rescued sailors; look cautiously."

The man designated had more than once attracted the attention of the professor. He was a finely built person, with jet black hair, beard and mustaches, and a worried cap which he wore was pulled close down to his eyes. As the professor gazed, the man did seem to take on the appearance of Manuel, in a degree—that is, there was that certain air about him by which we recognize persons, though they are altered by travel and exposure.

"Why, my dear," said the professor, uneasily, "that appears to be one of the best sailors aboard. Manuel knew nothing about sailing a ship. Set your fears at rest, and if he annoys you by too free glances, you can remain in the cabin, which he never enters."

He was by no means satisfied in his own mind, however, but taking an early opportunity he spoke to the captain concerning this personage. From him he learned that the man shipped at Georgetown as an able seaman, that though he seemed acquainted with the ropes, he yet appeared to be above his calling. It was needless to say that Professor Vance now watched the sailor narrowly, and became at last convinced that he himself was an object of deep and malignant interest to the suspected man.

On the following day the captain entered the cabin, pale and intensely excited. He held his broad palmate hat in one hand, and his eye was fixed on the under part of the wide brim. Calling for the professor, he said to him in a low, excited voice,

"What do you think is the meaning of this, sir? I found this sentence in Portuguese this morning written on my hat."

"That's to-day. It must have been written by Francisco, the steward's boy—he is the only Portuguese on board."

"Good heavens!" cried the professor—"the villain!"

"What mean you, sir?" queried the captain.

"Your pardon—I cannot tell you just at present. Let us dispose of the dinner to-day in some manner—pretend we have eaten it, and fall violently ill. As an extra indulgence let the second mate and the survivors of the wreck be invited to dine—they also to be initiated and to pretend sudden illness. Will you follow this advice, hasty and unusual as it seems? I think I may promise that you will not regret it."

"Certainly," said the captain; "I have every confidence in you. But I confess I am utterly confounded."

"But I am not," muttered the professor, "I am past all astonishment at the deeds of that scoundrel. I will arrange with my servant to bring one of your sailors (whom I have every reason to suspect is the originator of this diabolical scheme, and has bribed the cook, who has not any too much brains,) into the cabin. You must be ready for him. If we can capture him without shedding blood, so much the better."

"But what proof have you?" queried the captain, anxiously.

"Strip off his false beard and false hair—there will be proof enough, I fancy. If not, I will show you that I could lodge him in prison on a charge of murder the first day we land."

"Horrible! horrible!" muttered the captain, but he followed the directions of the professor with the utmost precision. All who were let in the secret performed their part to admiration. Fortunately they did not need to apprehend Della, who was ill that day, and confined to her state room.

The suspected sailor was lured into the cabin. Seeing its inmates apparently in great and helpless agony, he was unprepared for the spring of the captain, who, holding his arms with almost superhuman strength, called upon the professor to strip him of his disguise. Another moment and Manuel stood fully revealed. His eyes glared with demonic hate—his set teeth and white curling lips gave him the aspect of a fury, but he was strangely quiet. The captain, feeling his form relax, was not prepared for the movement that ensued. Suddenly freeing himself with a powerful wrench he sprang from the captain's grasp, thrust his hand in his vest—there was one sharp, white flash, and Professor Vance fell to the floor a dead weight.

"Do what you will with me now—I am revenged!" was the fierce, mad cry, as instantaneously he was held by a dozen hands that would have torn him limb from limb but for the captain.

Amid the uproar arose one wild unearthly shriek. Mr. St. Lemoine appeared with Della lying like a corpse upon his bosom. He rushed for the deck with his unconscious burden, and his cheek was as white as his hair.

"Stop!" cried Captain Graham, as the men consulted together how to dispose of the murderer. "Danish trial! Danish law. The man secretly—meanwhile to the wounded man. I fear he is dead, poor gentleman!"

Professor Vance was carried to his state-room by his own servant, who wept like a child. The wound was in the upper part of the chest, and had probably caused instantaneous congestion of the lungs. It bled but little, and the ball had apparently lodged short of the back.

"He'll never speak again," said the captain, when he had ascertained that there was no pulsation, and the features had changed into the immobility of death. Lay him out decently—I wish we could keep him—but we are eleven days from port, and the weather is unfavorable. My men will not be easy while there's a corpse on board. Tell the sailors to be ready for the service, and the trial, this afternoon at five."

Drop we a veil over the awful grief of Della St. Lemoine. Happily, much of her time she was unconscious. Her father was her sole attendant—he would allow no other person to minister to her, not even her own maid.

At four o'clock a table was placed amidships—an order given to heave the main topsail back, and the men were summoned to the service. The body, dressed in a suit of black, was laid along a plank, and not sewed up as in ordinary cases.

Perfectly placid, the noble face lay upturned to the smiling day. The men were dressed in their best and drawn up in a body. A large Danish Bible lay at the feet of the corpse. Della, weak as an infant, and marble pale, had not left her state-room, and her father kept ceaseless vigil at her side.

The captain, with slow, firm tones, read the burial service, until he came to the words—"we commit this body to the deep."—when he paused, and looking round, said, "Bring the prisoner."

Manuel was dragged towards him—for he suddenly refused to move. His hands were securely bound—his feet partially.

"Place him here," said the captain, indicating the place by a motion of his hand, and turning with a shudder from the cold, steel-like eye.

"Prisoner!" he said, sternly and solemnly, "if not guilty of the deliberate murder of this man—lay your hand upon the Bible before you—and swear thus—here he repeated the most terrible form of an oath."

Manuel stood unmoved, save that his face grew whiter.

"The prisoner is guilty," said the captain, and lifting a Danish law-book, he read that which made his hardy countrymen turn pale—the sentence of death, which, rendered in English, ran thus:

"The prisoner shall be bound face to face with his victim, and thus, the living and the dead, secured together, shall be launched into the deep. May God, in His infinite goodness, have mercy on his soul!"

One moment of awful suspense—once cry for mercy—the two were thus horribly united—the plank was placed over the side—the cords

that bound the hands and feet of the murderer were severed—one dull, dead flash—one low shriek—

"Brace your yards round!" was the order. The men were glad to obey the command, but a gloomy silence reigned. Word was sent to Mr. St. Lemoine that all was over. Della was sunk in the deep sleep of exhaustion, and heard nothing, but St. Lemoine bent his head, murmuring,

"Poor Vance—God rest his soul!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

RISKEN FROM THE DEAD.—A MYSTERY SOLVED.

A lady attired in the deepest mourning sat in the parlor of a splendid hotel of rooms in the first hotel of the Empire City. One would scarcely have recognized in that white cheek, that large, wistful eye—that patient, waiting expression of the whole face, in the meek, dejected attitude, in the listless air and folded hands—the peerless beauty of Della St. Lemoine. When she arose, with how weary a languor she seemed to move! Now looking from the draped window upon the busy, crowded street—now lifting a book or a paper, and placing them impatiently back again—then seating herself, bending her head upon her hand, to think.

"Who could the lovely, stricken West Indian be?" was the wondering query of all New York. From her sable dress, her sorrowful face, it was conjectured she must mourn the loss of a husband. But very few knew the grief of her private history, although she had been in the city for several months. When she went abroad, attended solely by her father, who, during his solitude about her, had seemingly forgotten his own infirmity—a curious crowd congregated on the steps of the hotel, and there gazed after the retreating carriage.

"He paid like a prince," the host said, "and must be at the very least a millionaire."

For awhile Della sat silent, swaying her body gently to and fro—at last she said, in a grief-stricken voice—

"Oh! if I could only forget!"

Most plaintive—though most musical was that sad exclamation.

"His image is always—always in my thought! Oh! my husband! my husband—murdered!"

A low, wailing voice, shaken with agony, was that with which she spoke the dreaded word—and the twine of her fingers grew like chiselled stone.

"I feel as if slowly, surely—I am dying," she cried, lifting herself toward the mirror.

"The doctors say I must go back—that I need my native air. I will never go back again—alone—never! Better a grave among strangers. Oh! this restless, burning thought! it is consuming me."

"Madam."

She turned. A servant stood within the door. On the delicate, silver chasing of the tray in his hand lay a small billet edged with black. She received it with eagerness.

"Father," she cried, hurrying into a small side room where Mr. St. Lemoine was writing—"a note from—from—his foster mother. Shall we go?"

"By all means, my darling," replied her father, whose sole joy it was to see one ray of her old interest in face or eye—"go, by all means. She is a pleasant little woman, that Mrs. Vance."

"She—loved him," said Della, with a low voice and reverent folding of the hands.

Not long after, the carriage drove up to a modest yet elegant mansion in the upper part of the city. Della had been there several times before, and as she entered she was met by a mild looking little personage, also attired in deep black, who folded her mutely to her heart and then led her into her own room.

There was much interchange of tender thought that long autumn afternoon. Sometimes Della would throw to a portrait covered with white crepe, throw aside the delicate folds, and there, standing, the tears would roll pitheously down her pale cheeks. And Mrs. Vance, her lip trembling, would murmur—

"My noble boy!"

Then Della would sit beside her and beg to hear some little incident of his childhood—or go to his room up stairs, which the widow kept sacred. There were his plants, tended with the most loving care—there the mosses he had dried, the birds he had loved and petted tenderly—pictures of his own composition, little models that bespoke his wonderful variety of talent—and there, too, was his library of select volumes—a mine of true gold.

"This was his favorite resort," said the widow. "It seems as if I could see his bright face, as he used to look up and say, 'come in, mother—you won't disturb me.'"

A summons came to the widow; and Della was left alone to muse on the sad recollections which alone were left her. Some time had elapsed when she heard a hurried footstep on the stairs, and her father entered. There was a strangeness, even a wildness in his manner, that startled her from her reverie almost unpleasantly. He came forward—drew her fondly to his side—appeared on the point of speaking, then passed his arm about her, and began to walk toward the door.

"Father! why do you tremble so?" she asked, a little fear in her voice.

"Tremble, do I, Della? that is strange—but then joy unnerves one."

"Joy, father!" the voice was a touching reproach.

"Della, my dear child!" cried the widow, bursting into the room, both hands raised—then she passed as abruptly—tears on her cheeks, smiles on her lips—gazing in a singularly rapturous way from Mr. St. Lemoine to his daughter.

"What is it?" cried Della—"father, is my brain turning? Oh! tell me; I am faint with fear."

"Darling," said the widow, "what shall I say to you?"

She came forward and embraced Della tenderly in her arms.

"Della, her eyes dilated, her cheeks flushed, gazed eagerly in the face of Mrs. Vance."

"A great joy!" she said, softly, "a great joy!" She turned to her father, adding—"she thinks I shall know joy again!"

"What shall we say to her?" asked Mrs. Vance, tearfully.

"Tell me I shall soon meet him—in heaven; that will comfort me," she said, gently.

"But, my child, suppose—" Mr. St. Lemoine began, but paused, unable to go on.

"Yes, suppose—" faltered Mrs. Vance, "your husband—my son—"

Della started back—"Suppose," she repeated, breathlessly—"suppose—what! that—that my husband—oh! no—no—no—what folly!" and she lost for a moment the blank, bewildered look that had come over her face—"I saw him—dead—dead! I felt his heart—it had ceased—ceased forever. I put my lips to his—oh! they froze mine so that I have never smiled since. Why has this memory been dragged up fresh before me?" and as she spoke she broke forth into a piteous burst of tears.

"It will do her no harm now!" said Mrs. Vance, questioning.

"No—tell him to come," was the reply, and Mr. St. Lemoine braced himself up, and stood with folded arms, compressed lips, and heaving chest, as if awaiting the termination of some fearful tragedy.

The door opened, and there entered, white and changed, but real and living, Professor Vance.

"Della, for God's sake be calm," said Mr. St. Lemoine, as with lips apart, arms raised, and eyes frightfully enlarged, she stood, turning slowly towards the spirit, as she descended. Not long, however—this fearful tension of all the faculties would have ended in madness, if her name had not been spoken—and with a wild, prolonged, unearthly cry, she rushed into his arms, and lay panting, quivering from head to foot, faint and pallid, upon his bosom.

"My love! my dear love!" was all he could say, as he lavished kisses upon her.

"It is a dream," whispered Della, struggling gently to lift herself.

"No dearest—no dream; God be forever praised!"

"Am I awake, father? is it real?" she asked, turning her eyes toward him. "If it is real—if it is no dream—then why do you cry? why don't you be happy?"

"Come, Della, stand up and look at me; make yourself sure," said the professor, feeling more from this unnatural calm, than if she had lost all consciousness. She allowed herself to be placed a little way from



"Well, my love, Della, I brought him to New York."

"He is not dead—then?" gasped Della, rising to her feet. "Oh, my husband! I shall never have peace while he lives."

The professor drew her tenderly towards him.

"Hear me to the end, Della, and then judge whether I did right. I wish I could spare you the knowledge of what is coming, but as an honest man, I must not. Listen then—down—look up in my face—just that way—thank you, love."

"I brought him to New York; I took him to my botanical room, of which I have two, in the lower part of the city, had a bed made for him, and procured a servant to attend him."

"One day when I went in, he pointed to a picture of my mother—my own mother, Della, not Mrs. Vance, and begged me to take it down."

"It haunts me," he said, "it seems as if my mother—and oh! how convulsively he wept and shuddered as he said those two words!—were accusing me of my crimes from morning till night."

"Who was your mother?" I asked.

"I just remember a face like that," he replied; "I suppose my mother was drowned. I was very young, little more than an infant, and was thought to be dead for some time by those who rescued me. My father's corpse drifted to the shore. Letters were found on his body; they were in Danish. I left them in the West Indies."

"His story was frightfully like my own. I, also, was saved from a wreck; my father and mother, and as I was led to believe, a little brother, not three years old, were lost in a tempest."

His voice broke down, and for a few moments he sat silently contending with his almost overpowering emotion.

At last he spoke again.

"You may judge, my Della, what were my emotions when, on asking for his real name, as left in the Danish letters—I heard—my own."

The professor bowed his head in his hands again. Della, thrilled with a sweet sympathy—with horror too, from head to foot—could only gaze on him in silence. At last he felt her two hands unclenching his—there were no tears in his eyes, but a strong man's anguish was written in his shaky cheeks.

"Did you tell him?" whispered Della.

"I told him," replied the professor, in a husky tone; "I also found a mark which I had often heard my mother speak of, for I was a large lad then. It was a red line, as if a string had been tied tightly round his left arm. Oh, Della, how I suffered then! I prayed God that he might die—I could not help it, in my agony. Brother, as he was—was he not a—"

"Do not speak it, my husband," said Della, with white lips, "wait till you breathe. I am so sorry for you, my poor, suffering husband. Your lot was so widely different, you know."

"Yes, these dear people have been like the kindest of parents," murmured the professor.

After a pause, Della ventured to ask what Mamma said.

"Oh, Della, don't ask me; it is too much!" and starting, the professor paced the floor till he was calmer. "Forgive me, my darling," he said, "but the recollection of what he did and said then, almost overpowers me; I could not go through with the recital. I took the picture away, which I had caused to be painted from a small locket—and he has been sinking ever since."

"He is living now!" exclaimed Della, awestruck.

"Yes, but just living. Alas! the knowledge is hard for me—but if I have been the means of causing him one hour's repentance, only, before he goes to the bar of God—I am glad—yes, glad. May God have mercy on him."

"How does he look?" asked Della.

"You would not know him. Thin and feeble—his eyes sunken far back—his hair nearly white. He confesses the murder of poor Warren; but the sickness during which M. Bernard died, he declared he knew nothing about—except that it was a virulent fever—but he attempted M. Bernard's life twice."

The diabolical plan on shipboard he concocted; seeing as entirely in his power, he thought to end our lives, and his mad jealousy. But, oh! it is heart rending to witness his remorse. I pity him, while I tremble at his deeds—for the most horrible visions seem to surround his bed."

At that moment came a messenger.

Mamma had just died.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## HAPPENING AGAIN.

After the strange restoration of the professor, Mr. St. George turned his attention to the widow Vance, and so successfully, that she consented to become his wife. The bridal tour, they sought the beautiful home of the tropics, where, after touching at nearly all the islands, they once more took possession of the Everglades.

The new wife was in raptures: everything about the place bore the marks of careful improvement; and though it caused Della to tremble when she recalled old scenes—she no longer feared, either with a natural or superstitious dread. Mamma had confessed that by ingeniously contriving one of the panels, contiguous to Della's chamber, while she was away with her maid, he had gained access there, and personated the ghost—that he had lured Della into the forest through the writing on the strip of bark; and that he had made his escape by the panel, when arrested.

The professor was received in the colonies as one from the dead, and the story was repeated like the Everglades teemed with visitors like a great hotel. Everybody had heard of Mamma—what had been done with him, etc., etc., the answer was, simply—"he died before justice overtook him."

Benquets were given as once before; but now, without that fearful looking forward to evil that had ever accompanied them.

The nephew of his excellency, the Governor,

had partially recovered his health, and was engaged to a fair young girl in England; and Earl Tracy was still seeking a wealthy heiress, though he was sadly broken down.

Among the papers belonging to Mamma, the professor found the two Danish letters. Unfortunately their contents were nearly obliterated, and little could be made out—nothing to his advantage, except the name—which was indeed his own.

The past, after a time, was never alluded to. Della grew bloomingly beautiful again, and the Everglades was never deserted for a permanent home elsewhere.

In an English burying-ground, stands a shaft of pure marble; and cut deep into its polished side are the words—

ETERNITY DEATH!

LIEUTENANT WARREN—aged 22.

[THE END.]

## A LOVE STORY.

Oh! lay that dreary book away.  
And list to me, oh! list to me!  
While wanes the purple of the day,  
A story I will tell to thee.  
Lay not the book away in ruth,  
With longing look or sorrowing sigh;  
You know you'd rather read the truth  
Within the iris of my eyes.

The swift air murmured silver clear,  
A moment since, "She comes to thee,"  
Your palms told you I was near,  
So don't pretend you do not see.  
My brief, brief story, never rare,  
Is only sweet, as it is true;  
Oh! don't pretend you do not care,  
While all the while you know you do.

For from the balmy warmth of spring,  
A fancy flushed in ruby gleams—  
"You'd teach my heart a deeper thing  
Than it had ever dreamed in dreams."  
Well, I have learned your lesson now—  
Have learned it all—oh, look and see!  
The sweet, brief lesson, in your vow,  
You said your heart should teach to me.

Men, eager in their quest for power—  
For fame—to live forevermore,  
Will always use a transient hour  
To teach a woman love's sweet lore.  
But praise of nations sounding far,  
Acclaim that pierces aile or dome,  
Is never dear as voices are,  
Which tell them they are loved at home.

'Tis hardly worth your while to-day  
To look so very, very wise;  
You'll lay that dull old book away,  
To read the story in my eyes.  
The one you wish to hear from me,  
The story sweet, if said or sung,  
I love but thee—I love but thee!

## \$500 PRIZE STORY.

## DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE  
RED COURT FARM," &c.

## CHAPTER XII.

MRS. DANESBURY. THE WEDDING.

The rich tints of autumn were already tingling the trees, for October had come in, and the ground trod crisply under Isabel Danesbury's feet, as she walked briskly along to the house of Mrs. Philip Danesbury, a compact, white villa, standing in the midst of an ornamental garden. Isabel found the Miss Hebers out, and her aunt alone.

"I will take off my shawl, aunt," she said; "I am come to stay the day with you. Things were cross at home."

"Meaning Mrs. Danesbury, Isabel."

Isabel nodded. She sent her things away by a servant, and sat down by the fire, which began to look cheerful in the autumn weather. Mrs. Philip Danesbury thought that her face wore a peculiar look of sad care. Her marriage was drawing near, and would be celebrated ere the month was out.

William Danesbury had returned home in the beginning of September for good, and Lionel, who had come down for a few weeks' holiday, was also at home.

"Has Lord Temple left, Isabel?"

"He left after breakfast this morning. He comes down again for a day or two next week, and then not again until—"

Isabel had answered without looking up, in an abstracted sort of manner, her gaze fixed on the fire. She brought her sentence to an end without concluding it, and then burst into a sudden flood of tears. Mrs. Philip could scarcely speak for concern.

"Child, what is this? Is anything amiss between you and Lord Temple?"

"No, no, aunt. I believe it is the contrast my own individual happiness presents to other troubles, looming in the distance, that makes me so sad. Aunt, it is about the boys. I fear they are going all wrong; I fear both William and Lionel have taken to drink deeply. They drink a great deal at dinner; papa, you know, takes very little wine, Reginald takes more than papa, but not so much as they do; still, it is not what they take at dinner, if it ended there, but afterwards they go out, and I am sure they get more."

Mrs. Philip Danesbury nodded.

"What a pity that they go out after dinner! Why does not your mamma strive to give them some home attraction?"

"Oh, aunt, there it is: there it is where I feel that all is wrong. They may have acquired a habit of taking too much in town, but we ought to try and prevent them doing so, now that they are at home. And, instead of being helped out of their bad ways, they are being driven on in them. They are, indeed. Mamma will not make home so comfortable for them, ask her as we will. They have wished her, three or four times, to have friends in the evening, and she will not."

"Ah!" groaned Mrs. Philip. "If your own dear, judicious mother had but lived! Young men must have evening society, and young girls, too, and there's no earthly reason why they should not. How goes the old rhyme, Isabel?—'All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy.' Keep up your wits too strictly, deny them pleasant evening hours at home, and they will inevitably seek for such elsewhere. Then, in nine cases out of ten, they lose themselves. Mrs. Danesbury ought to see this."

"But she cannot—will not; she makes home a dull, miserable place. We never hear anything more cheerful in the house, than complaints of her headaches, and orders that we should be still. I do not like to speak against Mrs. Danesbury, aunt, but I cannot but see that my brothers are not dealt with as they ought to be."

"Headaches!" contemptuously returned Mrs. Philip; "for headaches, read a querulous temper, an ill-conditioned frame of mind. That is how it has been with Mrs. Danesbury."

Isabel need not have apologized for speaking her mind, for certainly Mrs. Danesbury was a most ill-judging woman. A few mornings before this conversation, Lionel had gone to her, and, leaning over her chair in his good-tempered way, said he wanted to ask her a favor.

"Well, what is it?" she returned.

"I want you to have the boys and the Sisters this evening."

"How can you be so unreasonable?" retorted Mrs. Danesbury. "The house is upset with the fear kept up for Lord Temple, without the trouble of bringing other people into it!"

"It can all go into the same fuss," jokingly returned Lionel.

"But where's the trouble of having half-a-dozen folks to tea, and giving them a sandwich after it and a glass of wine? If there is any trouble, hand it over to the servants, there are enough of them. Now, do, there's a good mother; we never have a soul here; we might as well be shut up in a monastery. I'll go and secure them; I want something to do this morning."

"I tell you, Lionel, I can't have them, and I won't be teased," was the reply of Mrs. Danesbury. "Rubbish about a monastery! The least noise or excitement gives me the headache. I can't have visitors, and that's enough."

Lionel flew into a passion. Though naturally sweet tempered, he could be provoked to passion on occasions. He sang a book, which he happened to be holding, on to a side table, where it upset and broke a beautiful candlestick of Bohemian glass, and arose aloud as he banged the door to after him.

"If a fellow tries to keep on the square, she won't let him!" muttered he, as he strode across the hall.

Significant words! Scarcely had Lionel left the room when, strange to say, William entered it, with a somewhat similar petition, though he had known nothing of that just proffered by his brother. His request was, that Mrs. Philip Danesbury and her two nieces might be asked to spend the evening with them.

Mrs. Danesbury felt provoked; she believed that William and Lionel must be in league together, and she gave him a most harsh and unqualified refusal, demanding, with a sneer, if they thought to take Danesbury House by storm. Isabel had been privy to this, and she now related it to Mrs. Philip.

"That night," she concluded, sinking her voice, and pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, "that night they came home—the—worse for what they had taken!"

"Both?" uttered Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"They did, aunt. We were gone to bed, but it was spoken of in the house the next morning; and last night it was the same again! Lionel was not himself on Sunday night. Sunday night!"

A pause ensued. Mrs. Philip broke out.

"Mrs. Danesbury has much to answer for. Some day I shall be telling her so."

"Whether mamma was up last night watching for them, I cannot tell," resumed Isabel. "It was past twelve when they came in, and she darted out of her room in her dressing-gown, and saw them both. William could not walk straight, and Lionel was worse. He could not get up to bed without assistance. They were both up in mamma's room this morning before papa left it. I don't know what transpired. Mamma did not appear at breakfast; she only came down when Lord Temple was leaving. Since then, she has been quarrelling with every one. She quarrelled with papa; she abused William shamefully; she tried to quarrel with me. Altogether, it was so uncomfortable, that I came here to you."

"Mrs. Danesbury is out of her mind," said Mrs. Philip.

"When she gives way to these fits of temper she is almost like this. This unbecoming conduct of the boys—especially of Lionel—augments her irritation and renders it unbearable."

"Isabel, you may depend upon it that she is blaming herself in her heart of hearts. She was foolishly indulgent to Robert and Lionel, and when they were grown into young men, supplied them with a ruinous quantity of pocket money; yet was always thwarting them in trifles, through her own crabbed temper, and making their home miserable. Anything like self-control or self-reliance she never taught them. I repeat that she will have much to answer for. And where are the boys now?"

"William went off to the works before mamma's storm was over; and Lionel departed towards Brookhurst with his gun, and said he should not be home for a day or two. Of course all this is hard for papa to bear. My heart aches for him. Do you not think him very much altered, aunt?"

"Yes," shortly replied Mrs. Philip. "But we will go to other topics, my dear, for talking of this unhappiness will not mend it. Is your wedding-day fixed?"

"Yes," answered Isabel, with a rosy blush. "It is to be very soon, indeed."

"When, my dear?"

"On the eighteenth."

"Why, that will be in a fortnight!"

"Yes, I said very soon."

"Not any too soon, Isabel. I hope, my child, you will enter upon a happier home

than you have had with Mrs. Danesbury. The more I see of Lord Temple, the more I like him."

"Reginald has been, as it were, an isolated man, and has had to look ahead for fear of interest. I do hope the future may be happier for both of us. His mother died when he was at Eton, and no one has supplied her place to him. He says he shall tell me all his wild fancies when we are married," she added, smiling; "and that, when I hear them, I shall wonder he can be as good as he is. Louisa Serle is coming down to the wedding."

"Indeed! As bridesmaid, I suppose. Who proposed that?"

"I did. Mamma has been so—"

"So very cross-grained altogether, and so insignificant that Mary and Anna Heber should be two of your bridesmaids, that you proposed her niece Louisa as a sop in the pan," interrupted Mrs. Philip. "I understand it all, my dear, just as well as you do. She took a prejudice against Mary and Anna before they ever came near the place, and she retains it. I have never been able to tell why, for more excellent good girls, gentle, loving, and lovely, it would be difficult to find. I conclude she dislikes them, as belonging to me, and I know she has always hated me like poison."

Isabel laughed.

"I do think she is only jealous of you, Aunt Philip."

"Jealous of what? She is more favorably placed than I am. Her house is finer, her income is larger; she has a good husband and children; I have neither. Her position is in all points superior to mine, save that she grumbles and grumbles away her days, and makes herself and everybody about her uncomfortable. And I keep up a cheerful spirit, and try to make folks happy, and myself with them. What has she to be jealous of, Isabel?"

"Perhaps of the cheerful spirit," answered Isabel. "But—talking of marriage—has it ever struck you, aunt, that Arthur has any particular attachment?"

Mrs. Philip Danesbury looked at her niece; a peculiar look.

"Has it occurred to you to think so, Isabel?"

"Not quite to think so, perhaps, but to doubt whether it is so or not. I allude to Mary Heber."

"Just so," said Mrs. Philip. "It has been my opinion, for a long while past, that they are attached to each other; but I am almost sure that Arthur has not spoken to her of it in words. She has liked Arthur from the first moment she ever saw him; admired, respected him; thought him worthy of esteem. It is curious to observe how she unconsciously adopts all Arthur's ideas and opinions. And I feel equally sure that Arthur likes and admires her beyond any one."

"Then it is strange he should not speak out," observed Isabel. "Mary would make him a good wife."

"She would. Such a wife as your mother made Mr. Danesbury. Rare in fortune, she is a fit wife for the first lord in the land. She is worthy of Arthur Danesbury; I cannot give her higher praise than that. Arthur is a very dear man; dearer than she is. Many a time have I held him in my arms, and cried over him, wishing he was mine. It was at the time I was hoping for children, and they never came. I think I will tell you a secret, Isabel. Mary has had two very desirable offers of marriage. One was from Thomas Boyd—but of course this is between ourselves. She refused them both; therefore I cannot help thinking that her heart must be filled with somebody else, and that somebody, Arthur Danesbury."

"I should like Mary to be Arthur's wife, Aunt Philip," resumed Isabel, after a pause. "William promised to spend the evening here! I asked him to come for me. I thought it might be keeping him from other temptations. Here come Mary and Anna! what glowing colors their walk has given him!"

They hastened in, when they saw Isabel; lady-like, sweet-looking girls, with well-formed figures and elastic steps.

"I hope you have come to spend the day," called out Mary, as she took Isabel's hand.

"The whole day, till nine or ten at night," said Isabel.

"Oh, that's delightful!" uttered Anna.

"What a talk we can have about the wedding. And a 'talk' they did have: trust young ladies for that, when a wedding is on foot. Dresses, bonnets, veils, wreaths, gloves, and etiquette; carriages and bouquets; breakfast and ceremony; and Mrs. Philip was as eager as they were."

William Danesbury came in to tea, and they went from talking to mirth. Laughter abounded—that sort of laughter which is contagious, irresistible, though nobody can tell precisely what has caused it. William related to these some ludicrous story, current in the neighborhood, and that set them on. Then they had music and singing; and William's flute, on which he played well, happened to be there. At half-past nine, they thought it must be half past eight, so gaily had the time passed. Soon after, Isabel put her things on.

"Now, William, mind your evenings are spent here as often as you like," said Mrs. Philip. "Isabel will be gone, and Danesbury House may be dull. And bring Lionel with you, so long as he is at home."

"All right, aunt, I'll come. But I can't answer for Lionel."

They said good-night, and walked fast over the road. Isabel's heart was beating. She wanted to say something, yet did not know how.

"William, I am so sorry that I am going."

"Sorry! You ought to be glad. Why are you sorry?"

"To leave you. I think I could make—I should try, if I remained—to make things pleasant for you at home."

"My time will be mostly taken up in the works, Isabel."

"I mean your evenings. I wish," she added, in a lower voice, "I could leave you as securely as I can Arthur."

"Oh, I shall be all right."

"Dearest William," she whispered, "let me say a word of advice. If you were really to take to—that dreadful habit, I think I should almost die of grief and shame. I am sure papa would. Will you try and overcome it for my sake?"

He hesitated. He was evidently perturbed.

"I was thrown amidst random fancies in London, Isabel, but spirit, every one of them—of course I got lost away, now and then, but there will not be the inducement to it, down here."

"Then how was it—last night?" she stopped in distress.

"Ah! one cannot get out of fast habits and into slow ones all in a minute," was his reply.

"But it shall come."

Her tears were dropping fast.

"Will you make me a promise, William; here, as we stand alone in the still night, with those glowing stars above us—that you will overcome this miserable falling?"

He was silent.

"William, do you hear me?"

"Whatever may be my fault, I hold a promise very sacred, Isabel: my father taught me that in my childhood, and I cannot forget it. I never undertake a promise lightly. Do not distrust yourself so."

"I will put it somewhat differently," she sighed. "Will you try to overcome it, William?"

A moment's hesitation, and then a clear, steady answer.

"I will try."

When the hall door was thrown open for them, William took out his watch and looked at it by the light of the hall lamp. It was a quarter past ten. He was then turning from the door, but Isabel turned with him.

"You are not going out again to-night?"

"Just for half-an-hour."

"Oh, pray, pray do not," she urged. "Come in and play a game at chess with me."

Whether it was that his conscience whispered of the promise he had just made, or that he marked her pale, eager countenance, certain it is, he entered with her.

"A pretty time to come home!" was Mrs. Danesbury's greeting. "What made you so late?"

"It is not late, mamma," returned Isabel, who was rushing off her things in a violent hurry, as if she feared William would be off, unless she sat down to detain him. She then pulled forward the chess-table, and began setting out the men.

"You are not going to begin chess at this hour?"

"There is plenty of time for a game," exclaimed Isabel. "I have challenged William to play with me. It is not a quarter past ten."

"There's not time, and I want to go to bed," retorted Mrs. Danesbury. "I was up half of last night; if you want to know the reason, ask William."

"I think," said William, chafing at the allusion, and at Mrs. Danesbury's words altogether, "I had better go back and spend my evening in the town. I had promised a friend to do so, only Isabel over-persuaded me."

"Go out and disgrace yourself, and come home as you did last night, is that what you mean?" cried Mrs. Danesbury. "I should fancy you want bed, and might be contented to go to it."

William turned on his heel and left the room.

Isabel darted after him. He was striding along the hall door. She grasped his arm.

"Oh, William, William! do not go! do not heed her!"

"Not go! does she think to send me to bed at ten o'clock at night, like a baby? I would have passed a rational hour at home with you, Isabel, and not have gone out, I had made up my mind to do it, and she has stopped it. Let me go, my dear."

His features were pale, her hands were trembling, but she would not lose her hold.

"For my sake," she implored, "for my sake. Stay in, and we will have our game at chess. I shall tell Mrs. Danesbury so, in papa's presence. Come back with me! Dearest William, I shall soon be gone. I ask you for my sake."

He scowled, hesitated, and finally turned back with her. She took his arm, and thus they went in to the drawing-room.

"Mamma," she said, approaching Mrs. Danesbury, "my brothers must be allowed proper amusement in their own home. You will forgive me, if I say I must play the promised game at chess with William."

It is probable the speech took everybody by surprise. Arthur rose from his seat and finished placing the chess-men, which Isabel's sudden movement had interrupted. It was plain, on which side his influence would be given. He then drew her chair forward, and looked to William and Isabel. All this, without speaking.

Mrs. Danesbury was livid with anger. She rose up and confronted her husband.

"Am I to be beard in my own house, by your children? Are you going to sit tamely by, and see me insulted, Mr. Danesbury?"

Mrs. Danesbury was grievously annoyed and perplexed, but the principles of justice were strong within him. He was also keenly alive to the necessity of keeping William indoors, could it be effected.

"You take things in a wrong light," said he to Mrs. Danesbury. "In a calmer moment you will see it, I make no doubt. It is not yet bed-time, if the children have a mind for a game of chess, surely they may be allowed to gratify it. It need not keep you up."

"And you will suffer them to commit me in my own home?" she repeated, with concentrated passion.

"I would not suffer them to act to you in any improper way whatever; you know I would not, and you know that they would not attempt to do so. As to the house, Eliza, you seem to forget that it is mine, as well as yours." Many a less calm man would have been tempted to add, "And was there before you came to it."

Mrs. Danesbury flung out of the room, pushing one chair here, and another there, screaming all sorts of outrageous things, as an angry woman, unassuaged by a Christian spirit, will do. Isabel made things comfortable, and sat down to chess with William. At about twenty minutes to eleven, Mr. Danesbury rose, and said he should go to bed.

"I suppose you do not mean to be late, children," he said, in a pleasant tone.

"The game promises to be a long one; I conclude you do not wish us to leave it un-

finished," spoke William, with a look of contentment in his voice, for his eyes were still smoldering under the weight of his sister's mother.

"My son," said Mr. Danesbury, "I have never denied innocent gratification to my children, or placed an unnecessary check upon their wishes. You know that I should not wish you to leave the game unfinished; neither should I wish to drive you to bed before you are to go. I only wish you would spend your time thus, every evening. Good-night."

William rose, and bowed.

"Good-night, dear father," he warmly said, full of conviction for having momentarily pained so good a father.

Presently, William sang the ball. It was for his water. He told the servants to put out the candles.

"You will not take it, William," whispered Isabel, when the men were gone.

"I must have a glass, Isabel, and I shall soon forget everything at once."

"Arthur," she said, "beg him not."

"I wish he was like me," said Arthur, "did not like it." But that was all the remembrance he ventured on. Arthur knew that too much remembrance might be worse than none; that no man can be saved from evil by good.

"You foolish girl!" uttered William; "if I never do anything worse in an evening, than play at chess and drink one glass of brandy and water, I should think even Mrs. Danesbury ought to find no room to grumble. I still only take one; I promise you," he somewhat significantly added.

He drank his glass of brandy and water, but he took no more. The chessmen were put away soon after eleven, and all three drew round the fire for a cheerful chat, going up to bed about half-past. Isabel went into her brother William's room. He kissed her fervently.

"Not many could have influenced me as you have to-night, Isabel. God bless you, my dear sister."

"May He bless you, William," she returned with streaming eyes, "and keep you from temptation when I am gone?"

And every night, save two, by hook or by crook, did Isabel contrive to appropriate the evenings of William and Lionel. Now at chess; now by the help of music and Louisa Serle, who came down from town; now by a few other friends, invited for the evening, which Isabel made her approaching departure the plea to Mrs. Danesbury for insisting upon; and now at Mrs. Philip Danesbury's. These two evenings they went out, but did not come home the worse for liquor, so far as could be seen. Isabel's hopes rose high; she thought they had not fallen so low as she feared.

And thus the wedding-day came on, and brought grand doings at Danesbury. All the sons were at home for it, many friends gathered at the house, and the whole of the workmen were feasted. There was a long and elaborate breakfast, after which Lord and Lady Temple left, to proceed to Dover, for they purposed passing some months on the continent; and there was an elaborate dinner in the evening. It all passed off well, and the guests departed full of high spirits and good wishes, supposing nothing amiss. Only to the







## FOREIGN NEWS.

**BARBARIAN OBSESSION A GOVERNMENT IS STILL CAPTIVATED BY THE NEAPOLITAN.**  
THE GREAT POWERS REVEAL TO INTERVIEW.

The Malta, at Father Point on the 24th, brings advice from Liverpool to June 14th.

The capitalization agreed upon with Garibaldi had been signed, and the Neapolitan troops had evacuated Palermo.

The troops had already begun to arrive at Naples, and were being despatched towards Castellone and Gaeta.

The Neapolitan troops in Sicily are to be concentrated at Syracuse, Messina, and Agrigento.

The damage by the bombardment of Palermo was destructive. The Neapolitan committee great atrocities; three hundred houses were burned by them in only one quarter of the town, as well as several convents, at the moment of the retreat. Women and children were sought to escape from the burning houses.

The Carri palace was also sacked and burned.

As they retreated the soldiers set fire to all the houses on the way.

Catania was also given up to pillage by the royalists, and then abandoned.

Garibaldi had issued a decree calling all the Sicilians to arms between the ages of 17 and 50.

Fifty vessels of war were in the Roads of Palermo.

It is rumored that France, with the consent of Piedmont, has accepted the mediation proposed by Naples. The conditions of the mediation are a liberal constitution for Naples, and a separate Government for Sicily under a Prince of the House of Bourbon, subject to the condition that the Sicilians give their consent.

It is said that Mazzini has embarked for Sicily. The Sardinian Government has ordered their fleet, and all their authorities along the coast, to apprehend him, if possible.

A Naples despatch says that the promulgation of a Constitution, framed according to that of France, is expected shortly.

Garibaldi had addressed a letter to Signor Bertini, authorizing him to make advances or negotiate a loan for Sicily, or to contract any debt, and adds that he has at Sicily immense means to satisfy all claims.

The King's uncle is strongly urging the adoption of the Italian policy and a liberal constitution for Naples.

The British Admiralty has stationed a ship of war at Messina, one at Marsala, one at Palermo, and four in the bay of Naples, to afford shelter to British subjects.

Lord Palmerston stated that he would not hesitate to express to the Neapolitan envoy the feeling with which they regarded the barbarities perpetrated at Palermo.

Austria had previously refused to interfere in regard to the proposition of the King of Naples for the guarantee of the possession of the Two Sicilies. There is every reason to believe that France will do likewise, and it is unnecessary to say what were the feelings of the British Government in condemnation of the Neapolitan Government.

Tonight, Saturday, Garibaldi has appointed a Provisional Government. Canon Pisani, Foreign Affairs; Crisp, Home Office and Finance; Orsini, War; Abbe Collette, Religious Worship. It is positively asserted that Garibaldi found £900,000 in the coffers of the treasury.

An English steamer had arrived at Marsala from Queenstown, conveying sixty volunteers, four thousand arms, and one thousand pounds for Garibaldi. Additional recruits from Genoa and elsewhere, with arms and ammunition, had also landed in Sicily. Letters from Turin assert that the Sardinian Government will have to support Garibaldi, and therefore go to war with Naples, or it will have to put down an insurrection at home, so exciting is public opinion becoming in Piedmont. It was reported that, as a kind of half measure, Cavour was about to send a commission extraordinary to Sicily. Orders had also been given to prepare for sea all the men of war at Genoa and Spezia.

The recent embarkation of 800 Chasseurs of the Alps at Genoa, to reinforce Garibaldi, was effected without any possibility of the Government offering resistance; it was known that if troops had been marched down to stop the shipment of these auxiliaries, the soldiers would have commenced going on board themselves.

FRANCE.—The latest reports from the prefects dwell upon the subjects especially calling for the attention of Government to the probability of a bad harvest, and the really fearful stagnation of trade. It is stated that £6,000,000 sterling is about to be borrowed for the further improvement of Paris.

The Emperor was to leave Paris on the 15th for Baden, to meet the Prince Regent of Prussia and other German sovereigns.

On the 10th the Emperor was to hold a grand military review to celebrate the annexation of Savoy and Nice, which will be formally accomplished on that day.

ITALY.—MARSALA, June 9.—Letters from Rome to 5th inst., state that fresh bands were menacing the frontiers, to which General Lamoriciere had sent more troops.

An official decree had been issued the day before the subscription to the new loan until the 15th of July next. The Cardinals had held an extraordinary meeting, and subscribed 50,000 crowns, but the public revenues were diminishing daily.

The "Peter's Pence" had only produced 500,000 crowns.

Numerous families were arriving from Naples.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Lords, on the 7th inst., Lord Tynham moved a series of resolutions virtually endorsing the doctrine of universal suffrage; but the proposition was ridiculed, and negatived without a division.

In the House of Commons, on the same evening, the Reform Bill again came up for consideration.

The House divided on the motion for the adjournment of the debate, the result being—For the adjournment, 248; against it, 200; majority for Government 21. The Reform Bill has been since withdrawn by the government.

The Great Eastern was advertised to sail on Saturday, the 16th inst. The Great Eastern made a trial trip of 12 hours to sea and back. The trial was satisfactory, although her speed was not exceeding 13 knots, and the average 12. It is consequently anticipated that she will reach New York inside of ten days.

An American firm is said to have offered to hire the vessel for one month's exhibition in New York, on terms which would have ensured the company a dividend of five per cent. or upwards. The offer was declined.

The Government Expedition, under command of Captain McIntosh, having orders only to survey the proposed deep sea line of route for the North Atlantic Telegraph, it had been determined by the promoters of the enterprise to despatch a private expedition in the late Arctic cruiser Fox, under the command of Captain Allen Young, to survey the overland route as well as the northern shore, and to determine the most suitable points for landing the cable, as well as the best locality for a terminus in the north of Scotland. The Fox was expected to be ready to sail about the first of July.

FRANCE.—It is stated that, immediately after the formal annexation of Savoy and Nice, France will address a note to the European Powers, notifying the fact, and demanding a reply as a recognition of the annexation by Europe.

The French Government has requested the Belgian Cabinet to make proposals, with the object of concluding a Commercial Treaty.

The health of Prince Jerome Bonaparte had so far improved that he might be leaving his bed.

Mrs. Franklin and her daughter, accompanied by Mr. Paulkner, the American Minister, had been presented to the Emperor and Empress.

The Paris Bourse was very dull, and on the 8th closed at 65.30.

Rome.—Baron Rudini is appointed Minister of Commerce and Public Works, in place of Ascoli, who remains in the Cabinet without a portfolio.

Enlistments for the Papal army had increased in the south of Ireland; orders had, however, been issued to stop recruiting for the present, as there were no means of transport, and the places of rendezvous in London were quite full.

Austria.—The Austrian Government, with the view of reorganizing the representative system of the provinces, was about to extend the authority of the Central Congress in Venice. A deliberative note will be granted to it on a large number of administrative questions. The decisions of this Congress will become law upon being signed by the President. It will, in future, decide on judicial affairs without further appeal. The only reservation made in favor of the Central Administration is the approbation of the proposed expenditure and revision of the provincial treasury accounts. In order to re-establish the national character of the municipal system in Venice, all the franchises and immunities were to be restored by the 30th April, 1861, are to be confirmed.

TURKEY.—Sir H. Bulwer informed the English mercantile body, at a levee at Constantinople, that he had been requested by the French Ambassador, M. de Lavalette, to inform the English merchants that he never said what had been represented; and that, far from expressing any fear, he had, on the contrary, encouraged the French merchants to continue their operations, provided they were, as he doubted not, of a legitimate mercantile and industrial nature. Some changes had taken place in the Turkish Cabinet.

LIVERPOOL, June 14.—Cotton is depressed—quotations have declined 1/4.

Flour is in better demand—fair qualities 6d. dearer. Wheat has also advanced. Corn is lower.

Provisions are steady—but not very brisk.

ANECDOTE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

In the recently published "Travels and Adventures" of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, the Jewish Missionary, the following curious account of a passage between him and Lady Hester Stanhope is given:

"When thus arrived at Sidon, Wolff said to Col. Cradock, 'I have a letter with me for Miss Williams, who resides with Lady Hester Stanhope. This I will send to her, and write her a civil line; but I shall not mention Lady Hester Stanhope's name. So the letter was sent to Mr. Hiles, Lady Hester Stanhope's residence, and an Arab servant conveyed it. But instead of a letter from Miss Williams, one came from Wolff from Lady Hester herself, which ran as follows:

"I am astonished that an apostate should dare to thrust himself into observation in my family. But you have been a learned Jew, you have been a learned Arab, and you have been a learned Christian. You have been a learned man in every language, and you have been a learned man in every religion. You have been a learned man in every age, and you have been a learned man in every country. You have been a learned man in every place, and you have been a learned man in every time. You have been a learned man in every way, and you have been a learned man in every thing. You have been a learned man in every respect, and you have been a learned man in every manner. You have been a learned man in every degree, and you have been a learned man in every kind. You have been a learned man in every name, and you have been a learned man in every title. You have been a learned man in every rank, and you have been a learned man in every office. You have been a learned man in every position, and you have been a learned man in every situation. You have been a learned man in every circumstance, and you have been a learned man in every event. You have been a learned man in every accident, and you have been a learned man in every misfortune. You have been a learned man in every calamity, and you have been a learned man in every disaster. You have been a learned man in every affliction, and you have been a learned man in every sorrow. You have been a learned man in every pain, and you have been a learned man in every grief. You have been a learned man in every trouble, and you have been a learned man in every distress. You have been a learned man in every anxiety, and you have been a learned man in every care. You have been a learned man in every sorrow, and you have been a learned man in every grief. You have been a learned man in every pain, and you have been a learned man in every grief. 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# Wit and Humor.

## TO THE BEAUX.

How hard it is to please the beaux;  
They are, indeed, the queerest set;  
If I but smile and kiss my hand,  
And they are all so sure to say

And if I gaily laugh and talk,  
They count me through the living day—  
"Oh! what a capital girl she is!"  
The wretches all are sure to say

If I am grave and dignified,  
Without a word but you and no—  
"Oh! what a capital girl she is!"  
Throughout the town by every beau

And if I sigh and tell my eyes,  
Or nod and dip and bow my head—  
"A poor, affected, silly thing!"  
Exclaim that spiteful Tom and Ned

Alas! alas! what shall I do  
To keep them all from talking so?  
To know, I'd give my heart and hand  
To any handsome, clever beau.

## ETIQUETTE OF EQUITATION.

When a gentleman is to accompany a lady on horseback:

1st. There must be two horses. (Pillions are out of fashion, except in some parts of Wales, Australia and New Jersey.)

2d. One horse must have a side saddle. The gentleman will not mount this horse. By bearing this in mind, he will soon find no difficulty in recognizing his own steed.

3d. The gentleman will assist the lady to mount, and adjust her feet in the stirrups. There being but one stirrup, he will learn upon which side to assist the lady after very little practice.

4th. He will then mount himself. As there are two stirrups to his saddle, he may mount on either side; but by no means on both. At least, not at the same time. The former is generally considered the most graceful method of mounting. If he has known Mr. Rary, he may mount without the aid of stirrups. If not, he may try, but will probably fail. Should he wish to display a sportive eccentricity, he may climb up the animal's tail.

5th. The gentleman should always ride on the right side of the lady. According to some authorities, the right side is the left. According to others, the other is the right. If the gentleman be left-handed, this will, of course, make a difference. Should he be ambidexter, it will be indifferent.

6th. If the gentleman and lady meet persons on the road, these will probably be strangers. That is, if they are not acquaintances. In either case, the lady and gentleman must govern themselves accordingly. Perhaps the latter is the evidence of highest breeding.

7th. If they be going in different directions, they will not be expected to ride in company. Nor must these request those to turn and join the others. And vice versa. This is indecorous, and indicates a want of savoir vivre.

8th. If the gentleman's horse throw him, he must not expect him to pick him up. Nor the lady. But otherwise the lady may. This is important to be borne in mind by both.

9th. On their return, the gentleman will dismount first and assist the lady from her horse. But he must not expect the same courtesy in return.

10th. There are three ways of dismounting a lady. First, with the hand and knee. This is the way respectful and ceremonious. Second, by receiving the lady in your arms. This is the way gallant and tender. Third, by presenting your shoulder, and carrying the lady to the door or vestibule "pick-a-back." This is the way humorous and familiar.

N. B.—The rules apply equally to every species of equitation; as pony-riding, donkey-riding, goat-riding, rocking-horse-riding, or "riding on a rail." There will, of course, however, be modifications required, according to the form and style of the animal.

Exception.—There are special rules adapted to equitation on Shan's Mare—but we reserve them for another occasion.

## A CALIFORNIA TRIAL.

A fellow named Donks was lately tried at Yuba city, for entering a miner's tent and selling a bag of gold dust, valued at eighty-four dollars. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there, and knew exactly where the owner kept his dust; that on the night of October 19th he cut a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag, and then ran off.

Jim Buller, the principal witness, testified that he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away.

"I put for him at once," continued the witness, "but when I caught him I didn't find the bag; but it was found afterwards where he had thrown it."

Called for the prisoner.—How far did he get in when he took the dust?

Buller.—Well, he was stooping over—about half in, I should say.

Called.—May I please your honor, the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time with intent to steal. The testimony is clear, that he made an opening, through which he protruded himself about half way, and, stretching out his arms, committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling. Now, your honor, can a man enter a house, when only one-half of his body is in, and the other half out?

Judge.—I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the fact as proved.

The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," as to one-half of his body from the waist up, and "not guilty," as to the other half.

The judge sentenced the guilty half to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the not guilty half cut off or take it along with him. A judgment, we think, worthy of Solomon.

## SIMPLE DIVISION.

A Southern planter named P., pretty well to do in the world now, was, some twenty years ago, a poor boy on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. One of the most marked traits of his character was an insatiable love of money. In the course of time, P. was of age, and thought it was about time to get married. He went to a neighboring village, and was introduced to the daughter of Judge B.

"Fine gal," said the embryo speculator to his friends, who were gaining him an entrance among the elite.

"Very."

"How much might Judge B. be worth?"

"About ten thousand dollars," was the reply.

"And how many children has he got?" continued P.

"Only three."

"Three into ten goes three times and a third over," mentally ciphered P. Here was a chance, and he improved it, too. He made love to the beautiful and unsophisticated daughter of the Judge and all his possessions. Strange to say, for he was as unsmooth a looking car as ever went unloosed, his suit prospered, and they were married. The honeymoon passed off as all honeymoons do, and they were happy. The bride was lively and chatty, and made allusions to her brothers and sisters. Startled at so many names he thought should not be in the catalogue of relations, one evening at tea he said:

"My dear, I thought there were but three of you."

"So there are, but pa's first wife had eight more."

"Eleven into ten, no times and none over," said the astonished P., who had jumped up and kicked over a chair, and groaned in perfect agony. "I'm sold!"

A New View.—The Battle Record refers in high terms to a sermon delivered by a preacher of Orville. He took David and Goliath for the text, and, with a sufficient quantum of "rattling and thumping," expounded after this fashion:

"Now, my hearers, what do you suppose was the reason that David was so mighty with his slings and stones? Was it because he wanted to serve God? No!"

"Was it because he had religion in his heart? No!"

"Was it because he wanted to do good generally? No!"

"I'll tell you what he did it for, and there ain't no use anybody's denyin' on't—he was struck after one of Saul's gals."

MISERABLE SINGERS.—A certain divine gave out a psalm to his choristers, who attempted to set it to a new tune; but, having made a blunder, the clergyman, when he came to that part of the litany, "Lord have mercy on us miserable sinners," in his turn made another blunder, and read it as follows:—"Lord have mercy on our miserable singers."

## SONGS OF BIRDS.

It is remarked, as a high compliment to the English language, that a large number of birds speak this language only. There is "Whip-poor-will," "Chuck Will's Widow," "Whip Tom Kelly," and "Kill Will Willet;" these seem to be among the more savage or vindictive spirits, judging them by their words.

There are others that have a strong predilection for the facetious, among which the Bob-o-link stands pre-eminent, who seems to delight in a pretty extensive variation of words, according to different authorities. One writer asserts that he has heard distinctly the following: "Bob o' Lincoln, see, Mary Lincoln, velvet pantaloons and summer jacket, oh! Bobby Lincoln won't let Mary Lincoln get about one over clover top, dock weed and apple tree." According to Prof. Nuttall, a more common song is in these words: "Bob-o-link, Tom Downey! come pay me the two and sixpence you've owed me more than a year and a-half ago, it's clear!"

But yesterday, in walking through the fields, there was one little fellow that seemed to possess uncommon volubility, who began about thus: "See here! see here! I've read in the religious newspapers—I've read in the religious newspapers"—and then pausing a moment, as if hesitating in uttering the rest of the sentence, he at length gave the whole with most uncommon rapidity. "I've read in the religious newspapers that the Methodist ministers ministers are not such ignorant cre-tures as the dev'l dev'l dev'l would have them be—o-o!"

Birds, like human beings, seem to have a great propensity for medical prescriptions. I have heard a Baltimore oriole very distinctly and repeatedly assert, "crocoete, crocoete, cure cure (tooth-ache)!"—and another which I now hear from my open window where I am writing, repeatedly assures me, "Liquorice, extract, cure cure cough!" The late Dr. King, who resided in the western part of New York, said that nothing was more common than for the robins to perch upon the stalks at the roadside, and shout to him as he passed along on his medical visits, "kill 'em! kill 'em, cure 'em! cure 'em! give 'em physic, physic, physic!"

The song sparrow has much variation in his words. A tailor once told me that one of them often came near his window with the caution, "Prick yer finger, suck it suck it well!"—while the school-boy often hears their successful attempts at spelling out the word "c-o-o-l-a-t-i-o-n!" giving a musical drawl and twist at the end.—Country Gentleman.

Domestic Love.—How sweet it is when the heart expands and the mind kindles by reciprocal kindness and knowledge! And sweeter far in domestic life is it to rest the wearied heart and mind on the chastened expression of sympathy lighting up the well known and beloved countenance of one who has often treated our converse with compassion, returned long-cherished to our tryings, and shown enduring fidelity in our business—endured to us like a gallant ship, which, though the gleam of its new paint and rigging may be worn long bright, yet in its very masts marks the tenacity with which the anchors have held, and its rollers survived the holocaust, through many a storm and tempest.



THE NEW FASHION.

Frank admires the way the ladies now have of putting up their hair in nets so much, that he has concluded to adopt the same fashion for his beard. He says "It works well—only it makes him a little too irresistible for his own peace of mind." Frank has a tender conscience, and it pains him to be breaking hearts continually.

## Agricultural.

### WOOD VS. IRON AXLETREES.

I have had considerable experience in getting up wagons, being a blacksmith, and keeping several carriages for my own use, and to let; and I have for some time been inclined to think that the wooden axle is the best for all wagons, both heavy and light, unless they are to be used upon an almost dead level road. This hauling about over our hilly roads heavy iron axles is not what it is cracked up to be. An iron-axle or wagon is something of a load in itself for one yoke of oxen on some of our steep roads, as they add from one-third to one-half to the weight of any wagon or carriage. Some of our lightest buggies are literally loaded with iron: the more the better—"Why?" Because they sell better; most people "love to see a well ironed wagon; it is strong and light, because the iron is so very small." Very well; but is not wood much lighter? An axle of wood is not half as heavy as one of iron, and will perhaps stand twice the strain. We seldom, if ever, find a wooden one broken at the shoulder, yet it is quite common to see the iron ones broken. A carriage constructed almost entirely of wood might look quite clumsy beside a York buggy, while at the same time it might not weigh more than half as much and be equally durable and strong. If the iron upon a carriage is not screwed up tight, it soon rattles and helps to shake the vehicle to pieces. Few people attend to this, and therefore, the more iron the worse the carriage.

I have recently got up a wagon, somewhat resembling a York buggy; its weight is two hundred and fifty pounds, but had I used steel instead of iron tires, its weight would have exceeded two hundred and twenty, while its capacity to carry a load is equal to a common Concord wagon, which weighs about four hundred and twenty-five pounds. It is also much quieter while running, and being composed mostly of wood, is less complicated and liable to get out of repair. The axles are walnut and without skids or dogs. The boxes were polished and so arranged that no dirt can enter them. It would seem that they cannot last long, but this is a mistake; it is the dirt and the getting dry that cut out any axle or shaft. In many of our machine shops maple and walnut are used for boxes where the gear runs at almost lightning speed, and are said to be better than any composition metal whatever. A machinist once told me that a box made of white pine would last longer than an iron one of the same kind as the shaft. It should be remembered that the shaft is always polished. Now, just polish the boxes for your wagon, get the best locust, or walnut, for the axles, and a man who understands setting them on (but few do, and this is one reason why so few are used) and you will be surprised to see how long your carriage is, and how little it has cost. But it is not the iron axle alone that costs money, but the necessary fixtures to go with it—clamps, yokes, fetcels and bolts to secure them with, all of which must be attended to every time the carriage is taken out. An objector may say, "Your hubs must be much larger for a wooden than for an iron axle," not so; use short boxes and the centre of the hub will need no more cutting out than for the ordinary pipe box, while the friction in the former, will not exceed that of the latter.

For wagons of heavy draught, nothing is found better to fasten on the wheels than the old-fashioned linch-pins; but for riding carriages, I think the best fixture is the one I have adopted, which is a joint bolt about twelve inches long, a nut to receive it being set into the axle near the sand band; the head of this bolt is about an inch square. The end of this axle is cut off even with the end of the hub; a steel plate washer covers the axle and so much of the hub as to keep the wheel in its place. The plate, of course, has a hole in the centre to admit the bolt before mentioned, and another hole near it for a short pivot, to prevent the plate from turning. This is a very neat fixture, and there is no possibility of its getting out of repair. The brake upon my hubs are silver-plated, and there is no more wear on the road. So close is the resemblance to an iron axle, that but few wagon-builders would discover the difference until their attention was particularly called to this part.—Correspondent of Boston Cultivator.

### WHAT CONSTITUTES LEGAL UNSOUNDNESS IN HORSES.

A Knee-sprung horse can hardly be said to be unsound. He may be a very fast horse, and can endure with ease the labor of any common, ordinary horse, although there is an alteration of structure which unfits him for the race-course. This would not be likely to produce disease or lameness; he would be more likely to grow better than worse, if used for common purposes. But, if so bad as to produce stumbling and falling, he would be unsound, and a warranty should be taken against such defects.

Capped Hock cannot be considered unsoundness, if produced by an uneven stable floor, or by kicking; but if produced by a sprain, and a permanent thickening and enlargement of membranes, there would be unsoundness. A special warranty should be required in such cases.

Contraction of the Hoof is a considerable deviation from the natural form of the foot, but does not necessarily constitute unsoundness. It requires, however, a most careful examination by the purchaser, to ascertain that there is no fever or inflammation of the cartilage; that the frog is not diseased; that the animal is not tender-footed or lame. Unless some of these symptoms are indicated, he must not be pronounced unsound. A special warranty should be required where the feet are contracted.

Corns manifestly constitute unsoundness. Although few men lay much stress on this malady, still much inconvenience and many times serious difficulties must be encountered by them, as they are seldom thoroughly cured. Many horses are almost constantly lame with corns, through a scrupulous habit of the system. A warranty against such animals would be safe.

Trembling Knees.—This cannot be considered unsoundness; yet it is precursory symptoms of knee-sprung. Trembling of the knees after a smart exercise indicates weakness, and should be regarded as objectionable.

A Cough constitutes unsoundness, however slight or of short standing. If a horse is noticed to cough before the purchase, or immediately afterward, he is diseased; but if warranted sound, and the cough is not discovered till one or two days afterward, he is not returnable; for a few hours is sufficient to contract a cough, by taking cold while standing in a damp, musty, stable, or by eating different feed, musty hay, &c.

Roaring, Whinnying or Whistling is unsoundness, being the result of alteration of structure, or disease in the air passages. Although there have been decisions to the contrary, courts and jurors are often at a loss, for the want of intelligent witnesses; and if a veterinary surgeon is called to the stand, not having seen the animal, he is liable to be mistaken from misrepresentation. Broken wind is still more decidedly unsoundness.

Crib Biting.—A difference of opinion exists as to this being unsoundness, and courts have given opposite decisions in respect to it. There are cribbers that can scarcely be said to be unsound, as they are not perceptibly injured, and it does not interfere with their condition or endurance. Others inhale and swallow a great amount of wind; they heat and are subject to colic, which interferes with their health and strength; this would constitute unsoundness. A warranty should always be taken against injury from cribbing, then if he breaks his teeth or injures himself, recompense may be had.

Cut constitutes unsoundness, as long as it lasts, and perhaps while the swelling remains, although no inflammation exists, for a horse that has once thrown out a curb, is liable to do so again on the slightest exertion. A horse, however, should not be returned, if he springs a curb five minutes after purchase, for it is done in a moment, and does not indicate any previous unsoundness.—Michigan Farmer.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—A writer says that he found, by accident, that "dough raised with milk rising, is a sure and safe remedy for gapes in chickens, fed while fermenting, but still sweet." He has tried it for six years, but says that when he seasons the feed of his chickens with salt, as for cooking, they never have the gapes.

WHITE CLOVER IN PASTURE.—The growth of white clover on soils natural to its production, may be encouraged and promoted by a top-dressing of plaster and ashes. Its chief value is for pasture, as it is of too dwarf a growth to give much of a hay crop. A writer in the Boston Cultivator says, "There is an advantage in pasturing white clover which does not strike every farmer. Each joint furnishes a fresh root, (and of course a fresh plant,) whenever such joint comes in close contact with the soil, consequently the more it is trodden the thicker it will spring up. Hence one reason why it grows most luxuriantly near the bars and gateways of our pastures, where cattle often congregate."

Many farmers have observed this last mentioned fact without getting hold of the reason thereof. The natural growth of various grasses, self-sown upon all our soils, is a matter of curious interest to the naturalist and the farmer observant of nature.

TIGHT BARN FOR HAY.—No practical and observing farmer will say that his hay is kept better or sweeter in a tight barn, than in one which admits some air between the boards.

Hay will prove musty in very tight barns unless it has been so much dried as to injure it. In common barns hay that has had two days' drying will keep well though put in a large mow, provided that the air may come in at the sides.

They are not experienced farmers who double board their barns, or put on clap boards to make them air tight.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

SOWING CLOVER.—Mr. John Johnston—good authority in practical farming—states, in a letter to the Rural American that he has never sown more than 12 pounds of clover seed to the acre, unless by mistake, and has always had as good crops as were produced in his part of the country. He thinks 6 quarts of timothy seed per acre give a larger yield than half a bushel; though the latter rate may give better quality. He finds that 14 bushels of wheat sown per acre give on his farm the largest yield; but with 2 to 3 bushels to the acre, the crop ripens a few days earlier.

SCUMFLOWER SEEDS FOR CHICKENS.—The value of the sunflower, which is easily cultivated is little known. It will grow in almost any situation where there is plenty of sun—close to a fence or wall, in places where few other plants would thrive. The seeds form a most excellent and convenient food for poultry, and it is only necessary to cut off the heads of the plant when ripe, tie them in bunches, and hang them in a dry situation till wanted. They not only furnish every description of poultry, but greatly increase the quantity of eggs they lay.—English Paper.

## Useful Receipts.

CORNS.—Apply a piece of lemon to the corn—it is said to be a sure cure.

BURNS AND BRUISES.—As many are preparing for the summer, it may be useful to remind them that an essence of spirits of harts-horn should be considered one of the indispensable, as in case of being bitten or stung by any poisonous animal or insect, the immediate and free application of alkali as a wash to the part bitten or stung, gives instant, perfect and permanent relief, the bite of a mad dog (we believe) not excepted; so will strong ashes-water.

NEURASTHENIA.—Take plenty of bodily exercise, live well, and avoid smoking and ardent spirits. The following is said to work wonders in such cases:—Dandelion beer. Take of dandelion roots, well washed and dried, two ounces, boil them in six quarts of water for half an hour, strain, and add treacle one pound, and half an ounce of yeast. The whole to be put into a bottle and left to ferment for twelve hours. A wineglassful morning and evening.

A GOOD COFFEY.—Take a quantity of barley, and roast it by a gentle heat, till of a light brown color. Stir in among it a lump of butter on taking from the oven. This is to be ground and mixed with the coffee in equal proportions. Infuse in the usual manner. The beverage is scarcely to be distinguished in flavor from pure coffee.

AN EXCELLENT FURNITURE POLISH.—Into one pint of linseed oil put half a pound of treacle and a glass of gin; then, stirring well, apply sparingly with a linen rag, and, if rubbed until quite dry with linen cloths, this mixture will produce a splendid gloss. Rattling tables should be covered with oilcloth or balm, to prevent staining, and be instantly rubbed when the dishes are removed.

BOSTON GINGERBREAD.—Three cupsful of flour, one cupful of molasses, two eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two table-spoonfuls of ginger, one of cinnamon, and milk enough to make it of the right consistency to roll out. Rub a piece of butter, about the size of a hen's egg, into the flour, and add the other ingredients—roll in thin sheets, and rub over with molasses and water before putting in the oven; bake with a moderate heat.

EARLY INFERENCE.—There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only ensures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it almost makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh young heart in old age. I think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and of childhood's proper joys; and I never see children destitute of them, through the poverty, faint tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heartache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind, or heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked; but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air and good play and some good companionship outside; otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering or growing stunted, or sour and wrong, or, at best, prematurely old and turned inward on itself.

How to Make Room.—Take away the self-conceit, and there will be elbow-room in the world.

## The Riddler.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 4, 20, 16, 10, 23, is a river in Africa.

My 2, 25, 21, 26, 11, 13, 20, 24, is a cape in North America.

My 3, 21, 18, 20, is a mountain in Europe.

My 4, 25, 6, 10, 23, 24, 22, 25, is an island in Europe.

My 30, 23, 5, 34, 23, 5, is an island in Asia.

My 8, 7, 23, 11, is a lake in the United States.

My 12, 24, 15, 23, 31, 22, 20, is a river in the United States.

My 9, 23, 21, 8, is a river in Africa.

My 10, 11, 22, 25, 33, 20, 17, 8, is a bay in the Eastern States.

My 23, 21, 22, 23, 24, 32, 23, 24, is one of the United States.

My 27, 23, 20, 20, is a county in Pennsylvania.

My 20, 20, 2, 25, 14, is a desert in Asia.

My 15, 25, 5, 5, is one of the Sandwich Islands.

My 19, 20, 31, 2, 8, 14, 16, 17, 10, is a city in Ireland.

My whole was severely felt by the British.

W. T. TOTTER.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 12, 5, 12, 7, 23, 6, 14, 2, is one of the United States.

My 23, 12, 23, 25, is one of the Northern lakes.

My 11, 12, 23, 23, 4, is a sea in the Eastern Continent.

My 1, 2, 31, 10, 25, was an American officer.

My 7, 9, 2, is a city in Hindoostan.

My 24, 2, 13, 5, 3, is a strait in North America.

My 2, 19, 24, 25, 17, is a range of mountains in Europe.

My 15, 5, 16, 25, 12, is a river in Africa.

My 12, 11, 25, 20, 20, 2, is a city in Europe.

My 22, 18, 16, 2, 12, is an island in one of the northern lakes.

My 8, 2, 21, is a river in Scotland.

My whole was the name and residence of an American author.

Pittsburg, Pa. J. B. J.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 5, 6, 10, 4, 9, is a town on the river Theiss, in Hungary.

My 11, 6, 8, 9, 2, 9, 7, 6, is one of the United States.

My 2, 9, 7, 7, 6, 10, is a county in New York.

My 1, 9, 8, 10, 4, 9, 10, 11, 7, 6, 2, 1, is a bay on the South-West coast of Florida.

My whole is a country in the Eastern Hemisphere.

Chicago, Illinois. NED CLIFTON.

### ENIGMA.

"Diamond me no diamond,"

Though precious am I;

I am ugly in figure,

I am dingy in color,

I am scratched on the face,

And fractured all over,

Yet no gem of like value

With me can be found,

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